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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Annual Biography and Obituary of 1824.*  
8vo. pp. 470. 1825. Longman & Co.

We have read this volume with great interest and no less attention; and we shall perhaps convey the strictest notion of our opinion of its merits when we say it is written in so fine a spirit as to remove all our pre-objections to contemporary biography. In these pages we meet not with the fulsomeness of praise merely because the man has died; nor with the detractions of a vile envy, as if it were generated by the defencelessness of the dead. The judicious author does not seem to think that the corpse of a scoundrel should be made to smell sweet to posterity, though his life was an offence against all propriety; or that "the good" should be interred with the bones of the virtuous. Holding in this respect the right middle course, he is neither the flatterer of vice, nor the detractor from merit. Leaning with a kindly and generous feeling towards the grave—the silent grave—whose tenant can explain away imputations or answer charges no more; he is nevertheless impartial and just. And when the more grateful task is his to record the actions of the benevolent and the deeds of the illustrious, he is not so borne away by enthusiasm as to forget that his subjects were human. We have, therefore, neither demon nor demigod in the *Obituary of 1824*; but one of the most sensible, honest, and best written volumes of its kind that ever was offered to the British public.

We speak thus warmly of it, because we have often felt and weighed the difficulties of such Memoirs. We know how much more credit is due to the biographer for what he discreetly blots than for what appears; and we conscientiously declare that the volume before us meets with our entire approbation. Upon what grounds, an extract or two will enable our readers to decide. We select, in the first place, the leading points in the biography of the late Mr. Wilson Lowry, chiefly because very unaccurate memoirs of that ingenious and able artist have been published;\* and also because we never met with an individual whose pursuits, worth, and attainments better deserved a literary monument.

Mr. Lowry was born at Whitehaven, on the 24th of January 1762. His father, whose name was Strickland Lowry, was a native of that town, and followed the profession of a portrait-painter. At one period of his life he was much employed by Lord Pigot, who was his principal patron. Of his abilities, a head of himself, painted with great breadth and simplicity, and bearing considerable resemblance to the portraits of Algernon Sydney,

affords a very favourable specimen. When but four years of age, Wilson Lowry was taken by his parents to the north of Ireland, and there remained until they returned to England, and again became residents of his native town. --- The subject of this memoir, while a boy, was so much sequestered from society, that strange as it may appear, he had scarcely ever seen an engraving until he became fifteen years old. He then, for the first time, met with a collection of prints. They happened to be very fine ones, for they were some of the best works of Woollett. The impression which they made upon his mind was such as never to be effaced. From that moment he determined to be an engraver, although that determination was not immediately acted upon. Soon after this period he was induced to leave his paternal home, in company with a youth of his own age. They had formed a resolution to support themselves by house-painting; and, after wandering up and down the country for a little time, they went to London, and were there actually employed in the business on which they had fixed. Who that had seen the young Lowry engaged in this honest but humble occupation, would have believed that the same hand was one day to execute the Corinthian capitals and the solar systems which adorn some of our most valuable works, and are considered as finished specimens of art? --- One of the earliest efforts of his graver was a shop card, which he executed on a pewter plate, for a fishmonger in the city of Worcester.

"At about the age of eighteen, Mr. Lowry, after visiting Warwick, Shrewsbury, and other large towns, where he maintained himself by engraving, and teaching drawing, repaired, for the second time, to the metropolis; and being the bearer of a letter of introduction to Alderman Boydell, from one of his country connections, the worthy alderman received him with his accustomed kindness, set him to work, and was ever his warm friend.

"Soon after his introduction to Alderman Boydell, Mr. Blizard, afterwards Sir William Blizard, one of the most eminent surgeons of his day, having inquired of the alderman for some young artist to make a drawing for him of Lunardi's balloon, was advised to employ Mr. Lowry. This little task Mr. Lowry performed to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Blizard, who was very much pleased with him. Among other branches of knowledge which Mr. Lowry had cultivated in the hours of leisure, was anatomy. Mr. Blizard presented him with a perpetual ticket to his own and to other anatomical lectures; and finding that Mr. Lowry had an inclination to become a professional surgeon, gave him every assistance to enable him to accomplish his object. After several years sedulous attendance, however, at the lectures and the hospitals, Mr. Lowry, imbibing a sudden distaste for the practice of surgery, quitted the anatomical school, for the more congenial school of

that profession to which he resolved to devote his life. During the whole of this time he had employed a portion of his leisure in engraving; but his improvement had not been such as he anticipated. He had almost, indeed, despaired of success, and would, perhaps, have relinquished the art, had not a friend advised him to read Helvetius. Questionable as the doctrine of that philosopher, that there is no such thing as innate genius, and that a man may excel in any pursuit to which he resolutely applies himself, certainly is, it had a most salutary effect on Mr. Lowry's mind. 'If this be generally true, it is true in my particular case,' was the result of his reasoning upon the subject. He returned to his studies with redoubled ardour. Determined to distinguish himself, he obtained a ticket as a student at the royal academy, in which his anatomical knowledge much facilitated the acquisition of considerable skill in drawing the human figure. By the diligent occupation of his time, he also found means of prosecuting various mathematical studies; the rapid progress he made in which, subsequently proved highly useful to him." ---

Some of his works are enumerated.

--- "On the celebrated plate of John Hunter, from the painting of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was employed for several months. The back-ground was entirely the work of Mr. Lowry's hand; and it will ever do him the greatest credit, especially when it is recollected that it was executed with the common parallel ruler. Some of the finest etchings for the topographical publication of Hearne and Byrne were by Mr. Lowry; among others, the View of Holyrood House, the Round Tower at Ludlow, and the ancient Market Cross at Glastonbury. These plates were at least equal, if not superior, to any similar productions of that period, and were the foundation of that style of engraving in which the two Le Kieux, and the Messrs. Cooke have attained to such perfection, and which has been universally adopted by engravers." ---

"Not content, however, with the uncertain and imperfect modes of execution then existing, Mr. Lowry bent all the powers of his vigorous and well-informed mind to the invention of such mechanical means as might insure evenness of texture, and clearness and precision of line upon copper, especially in the representation of architectural subjects, machinery, apparatus, &c. In this desirable object he completely succeeded, and the extraordinary merit of his inventions has long been universally acknowledged.

"About the years 1790 or 1791, Mr. Lowry completed, principally with his own hands, and of wood, his first ruling machine, possessing the property of ruling successive lines, either equidistant, or in just gradation from the greatest required width to the nearest possible approximation. In 1798, he invented the diamond points for etching, the durability of which, as compared with steel

\* On his death, a very brief and imperfect notice of a man for whose talents and character we felt much admiration, was given in the *Literary Gazette*; but it was far from sufficient to satisfy the wishes of those who were acquainted with his amiable life and diversified and extraordinary acquirements.—Ed.

points, and the equality of tone thereby produced, have rendered them highly important to the art of engraving. In 1799, he improved upon his ruling machine, and constructed a new one, capable of drawing lines to a point, as well as parallel lines, and of forming concentric circles. In 1800, he invented a simple instrument for describing parts of circles, of which the radius is so large as to preclude the use of even beam compasses. In 1801, he invented a machine for drawing ellipses on paper or copper. In 1806, he invented a machine for making perspective drawings; and so great was its accuracy, that, after having finished with its aid an elaborate drawing of the west front of Peterborough cathedral, on taking the actual measures of the building, they were found to agree exactly with all the parts of the drawing. Besides these important inventions, Mr. Lowry constructed an instrument to place over a vanishing point, to which lines were to be drawn on copper; a variety of compasses, with micrometer screws; moveable points for the insertion of diamonds, &c.; and not very long before his death, he completed two new ruling machines, of singular simplicity and accuracy. Mr. Lowry was also the first person who bit steel in well; and Mr. Heath purchased from him the secret.

"After several years spent in contributing to the reputation of others, Mr. Lowry at length, by the inventions which have just been described, and by the taste and skill with which he adapted them to his purpose, established himself, without a rival, in the peculiar walk of art to which he principally devoted his attention. The first production of his on which he employed his ruling machine, was a plate which occurs in the third volume of Stuart's Athens. It is a sort of Corinthian capital. Some time afterwards, he executed several plates for Murphy's Description of the Church of Batalha, in Portugal. --- Mr. Lowry was then engaged by Mr. Peter Nicholson, one of the most scientific architects of the age, to execute the plates of his book on Grecian and Roman architecture. It was during the progress of this work that Mr. Lowry carried his art to its highest perfection. ---

"For a year or two after this, Mr. Lowry was principally employed in engraving scientific subjects for such works as Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine, and the Journal of the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. Towards the latter end of the year 1800, Messrs. Longman and Co. resolved to publish, under the name of Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia, a work which, in every respect, should surpass all publications of a similar nature that had preceded it. Fortunately for himself, and fortunately for the public, Mr. Lowry was engaged to engrave the plates and machinery. In his efforts to do justice to the publishers of the work, he was warmly seconded by their liberality, of which he always expressed a most grateful sense. On his part, nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which he devoted himself to the undertaking. ---

"For nearly twenty years Rees's Cyclopædia occupied the greater part, but not the whole of Mr. Lowry's time. Among other works in which he was employed, were several of the plates in Wilkins's Magna Græcia; almost all the plates in Wilkins's Vitruvius; and some of those which adorn Nicholson's Architectural Dictionary. ---

Towards the latter end of 1821, Messrs. Mawman and Rivington secured his valuable services for the Encyclopædia Metropolitana; and in this work he was chiefly employed until his last illness deprived the world of art of one of its brightest ornaments.

"Whoever might be called upon to pronounce a judgment on Mr. Lowry's engravings, would find it difficult to decide, whether in the extreme accuracy of the drawing, or in the extraordinary beauty of the mechanical execution, lay their chief merit. It may, perhaps, be said, that the correctness of the drawing is owing to the draftsman, and not to the engraver. This is true, to a certain extent, in all other cases; but it is not true in the case before us. Very few drawings were brought to Mr. Lowry, in which his piercing eye, or rather, his penetrating judgment, could not discover some error; and, as we have already observed, he exercised the right of supplying whatever deficiencies he observed. Besides, many of his plates were drawn, as well as engraved by himself; although he did not always affix his name as the delineator. --- His knowledge of perspective and of shadowing was so profound, that he could engrave a finished plate from a mere outline. Nay, he could do more. In Rees's Cyclopædia there is a print of an electrical machine, which was engraved without having been previously drawn, except upon the copper. Mr. Lowry was pressed for time; he placed the machine before him, and engraved it at sight, if we may be allowed the expression.

--- Mr. Lowry esteemed, as the most perfect specimen which he had ever produced, an engraving in Nicholson's Architecture, with the following title: "From the Doric Portico at Athens;" declaring, that if he were to receive a thousand pounds for the attempt, he could not do a single line of it better. ---

"It is indispensable, however, that we should say something of Mr. Lowry's general attainments. It is to be regretted that posterity will know little more of him than that he was an inimitable engraver. A few good judges will perceive from his works that he must have had considerable mathematical knowledge; but they will form no adequate idea of the extent and variety of his other acquirements. The first philosophers of the age, with most of whom he was more or less intimate, can attest that he held a distinguished rank amongst them. He was an excellent anatomist; he was an able chemist; he was familiar with the principles of medicine; he was a skilful engineer; in mineralogy and geology he was deeply learned; and his scientifically arranged cabinet is surpassed by few private collections in London. Indeed, his opinion was constantly sought by professors of mineralogy, and the trade often availed themselves of his knowledge, and were guided by his advice in the purchase of the rarest and most valuable gems. It was in consequence of his great and varied information, that in the year 1812 Mr. Lowry was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; of the Geological Society he was a member from the time of its establishment. In both those societies he was beloved and respected, and was frequently consulted on occasions interesting to the progress of science. --- No artist could be more free from low-minded jealousy. Whatever feelings of rivalry or hopes of professional superiority at any time occupied his mind were of the most honour-

able nature, and were tempered by a candid appreciation of the qualifications of other engravers, deceased and contemporaneous.

"But Mr. Lowry possessed an intellectual power with which few even of his scientific or professional friends were acquainted; we mean his extraordinary talent in discussing the most abstruse metaphysical questions. He had so very clear a perception, he argued with so much temper, and had such a happy art of bringing forth his vast store of philosophical facts to illustrate and strengthen his positions, that, whether right or wrong, he was generally triumphant. ---

"As it is well known that Mr. Lowry took the deepest interest in geology, as well as in mineralogy, the reader may be curious to learn what were his sentiments respecting the various theories of the earth. He was neither a complete Wernerian, nor a complete Huttonian. He believed that both fire and water had contributed to the formation of the earth's surface; but the more he read and reflected on the subject, the more he seemed inclined to ascribe the larger share in that operation to fire. Whether the primitive rocks were produced by the agency of fire, or of water, or of both conjoined, he thought it impossible to determine. He was, however, decided on the following points:—that the different strata of our globe were formed at very different periods; that the formation of the whole, from the first granite rocks down to the marl and gravel beds, could not have taken up less than a million of years; and that none of the various strata could have been deposited by the Mosaic deluge; at least none but the most alluvial soils. ---

"It is much to be lamented that Mr. Lowry had neither the leisure nor the inclination to publish any thing of his own. There were some subjects which he understood perhaps better than any other man; and his style would have been a model of strength, conciseness, and perspicuity. ---

"Mr. Lowry was tall in person. In his countenance there was a mixture of thought and benignity that imparted peculiar character to it, and at once announced that he was no common man. The mildness of his voice and manners, and the suavity of his demeanour, were always interesting, even to children, who loved to chat with him, and were as delighted with his kindly-delivered information as he was with their inquisitive prattle.

"It is supposed that the complaint of which Mr. Lowry died had been gradually coming on for the last thirty years. He was confined by positive illness for above twenty months, during which time he received the most unremitting attention from his family and his medical advisers; and although much emaciated, it was only within a fortnight of his death, which took place on Wednesday the 23d of June 1824, that his friends were compelled to abandon all hope of his recovery.

"In the year 1796, Mr. Lowry married Rebekah Delvalle, a lady of an ancient Spanish family, related to the Mirandas, aunt of the late Mr. Ricardo, and who has obtained considerable reputation as an instructress of mineralogy, and the elements of mathematics. He left four children; a son, Joseph Wilson, who having been well grounded in mathematical and other studies, and having had all the advantages which the constant instruction of his highly-gifted father could bestow upon him, has already distinguished himself as an engraver, and bids fair to obtain the

highest eminence in his art;\* an unmarried daughter, Delvalle, who is the authoress of an elementary treatise on mineralogy, which is esteemed among the best works of its kind; and two married daughters, the elder of whom is the wife of Mr. Hugh Stuart Boyd, a gentleman who possesses an estate in the north of Ireland, author of 'Select Passages from St. Chrysostom,' and who published in January 1824 a very able translation of the Agamemnon of Æschylus; and the younger (who has evinced considerable talent in portrait and landscape painting) of Mr. Henning, formerly of Magdalen College, Oxford, author of several ingenious works on astronomy, and other scientific subjects."

Of Mrs. Sophia Lee (on whose death we also inserted in the Literary Gazette a brief memoir of one so amiable as a female, and so admirable as a writer, expressing the regret which, in common with every friend of talents and virtue, we felt at her loss,) there is a delightful biography in the present volume. It is exceedingly interesting, and written in a tone of simplicity and affection which strongly induces us to conjecture that it has proceeded from the pen of a kindred spirit;—kindred no less in genius than in consanguinity. We can, however, do no more than quote the list of her works, and the date of their publication.

"The Chapter of Accidents,—1720.

The Recess; or, A Tale of other Times, 1784.

A Hermit's Tale,—1787.

Almécia,—A Tragedy, 1796.

Two Canterbury Tales,—1798."

At the close of an impartial and well written life of Lord Byron, we find a summary so free from passion and prejudice, that we cannot resist our inclination to quote it, though with it we must conclude our examples of a very sterling work, and by a separate column in our next Gazette.

\* We take this opportunity of stating, that we have before us a proof of his abilities (which we are ashamed at not having specifically noticed in the Literary Gazette long ago,) in two Maps,—Perspective Projections of the Northern and Southern Hemispheres, and which are equal to any thing of the kind ever engraved. How much, then, may we expect from so young an artist? More than can be predicated, if he will follow in the footsteps of his estimable and esteemed father.—Ed. L. G.

**A Picturesque Tour along the Rivers Ganges and Jumna, in India: consisting of twenty-four highly finished and coloured Views, a Map, and Vignettes, from original Drawings made on the Spot; with Illustrations, historical and descriptive.** By Lieut.-Colonel Forrest, late on the Staff in Bengal. Large 4to. pp. 191. R. Ackermann.

INDIA always ought to excite public attention, and never, perhaps, more so than at present. It is therefore with satisfaction that we have examined this volume, calculated to impress our minds with a vivid idea of the picturesque beauties of that country, from the Mouths of the Ganges to the Himalayah Mountains.

A well-digested sketch of the history of India forms an appropriate introduction to the interest of these Views, but affords us no fit opportunity for extract. We must regret also that the still more novel portion of the book is equally removed by its nature from our illustrations; for we cannot copy the simplest of the pictures, or describe (so as to be understood) the features of the most original. We can only say that the whole are very various, curious, and striking; and that we shall read Indian story hereafter with greater pleasure in consequence of their en-

abling us to imagine the scenery in which it passes.

The journal of the Tour, however, furnishes us with a few characteristic traits; and these we have pleasure in selecting, were it only to add consequence to the notice of a book which might be thought less valuable than it is were we to dismiss it so very briefly.

"After marching mostly by the bank of the Ganges for four more days, we began to lose traces of cultivation, and to encounter occasional tracts of jungle. On one occasion we came to a nullah, 40 or 50 yards wide, which for a time puzzled us to cross. There was a wooden bridge over it, and all the horses, carts, and persons on foot passed in safety, although its construction did not appear very strong; but no inducements, no urging, could prevail upon the loaded baggage-elephants to attempt it; when brought up to it they expressed the greatest alarm, striking the flooring of the bridge with their trunks, which seemed to convince them at once of its insufficiency to bear their ponderous bulk. The bed of the nullah was too shallow in water for them to swim, and too deep in mud to ford. No resource remained but to try the experiment of unloading the elephants, pass them over the bridge light, and carry their loads after them. This was accordingly done, and perfectly comprehended by these sagacious animals, who now walked over cheerfully and confidently.

"In expectation of some sport, being now in the vicinity of the Rajmahal hills, a group of mountains which in this part separates the provinces of Bengal and Bahar, we halted one entire day at the village of Futhipore, and having procured from thence a *shekarri*, or in plain English, a poacher, well acquainted with the haunts of the different species of game with which these hills abound, we mounted our elephants, for it is thus that Indian sportsmen take the field, and formed a party of eight or nine persons. Several baggage-elephants with our servants accompanied us to beat the jungles, and a great many persons from the village with long bamboo poles volunteered for the same service, with a tribe of their common pariah or village dogs.

"We saw, on entering the jungle, a great quantity of game of various sorts, as the wild buffaloes, hog-deer, wild hog, deer of different kinds, partridges, and chuckores (a large species of the partridge); florikens, a small species of the bustard, and the common domestic barn-door fowl of England in great numbers, called here the jungle fowl; and when we found open spots with partial cultivated fields, quail in great quantities, and very tame. We had a very pleasant day's sport, but our reward was only some of the partridges and quail. We got several shots at the buffaloes, and several we could hear distinctly hit; but the common leaden ounce-ball has no effect on these tough-skinned animals, unless it chances to hit a vital part, behind the ear, or fore-leg. The two-ounce rifle, with pewter balls, to be certain of your shot, the tiger and buffalo both require.

"In the course of the day we came upon the tracks of a rhinoceros, several of which are found on these hills; we followed them some time, in hopes of coming up with him: in some parts he appeared to have very recently passed, since the water was still muddy where he had trodden. Our pursuit was, however, in vain.

"I had never entered so deeply into the jungles as I did this day, and I felt much

delighted with the extremely curious scene they in several parts presented. The height of the grass struck me as particularly wonderful. I was mounted on a very fine elephant, not less than eleven feet high; the howdah, or seat fastened on the animal's back, must have been full two feet higher, it being strapped on a very thick pad: this would give thirteen feet. Now when standing upright, the attitude usually adopted by sportsmen when beating the jungle in order to see better around them, my head must have been near nineteen feet above the ground; but the grass was generally three, and in some places six feet higher than my head. The stalks were full an inch and a half in diameter, and it would be almost impossible, certainly very fatiguing, to attempt to force a passage on foot through such a thicket, independent of the chance of meeting with a tiger on a sudden—by no means a pleasant rencontre."

In Bahar, "which was formerly of equal importance, and now even surpasses Bengal in fertility, there are commonly five distinct crops of grain in the year, and the wheat is of the purest and finest quality. I have seen near Patna sixteen quarter loaves sold for one rupee, 2s. 6d."

On the Ganges, not far from Tyroot, our author says—

"In the neighbourhood of this place we observed a number of those mounds of earth, daubed over with red paint, which designate the spots where women have sacrificed themselves, according to the barbarous law misconstrued, but not less rigorously enforced to the present day, by the ignorant and bigoted Brahmins, or priests of the Hindoos. This usage has, from the number of these monuments, been too prevalent in the vicinity of this place; for several of the outskirts of the neighbouring villages have their memorials of the same description and import. It is deeply to be lamented that a custom should be tolerated so contrary to reason, so disgusting to humanity, and which no Brahminic law authorizes; it being decidedly condemned by many of the better informed natives, who permit its use only in cases where the self-sacrifice on the part of the woman is perfectly voluntary. It is an omission on the part of the authorities who rule this country to permit its occurrence; the mass of the Hindoos must abhor and dread its enforcement: the Brahmins no doubt are eager for its continuance from motives entirely selfish and sordid, they inheriting the bulk of the property of the wretched family thus cut off. It is sincerely to be hoped that this disgraceful and cruel custom will be speedily and effectually put a stop to wherever the British power and controul extend through this vast empire. - - -

"At Bankipore is a large building called the Golah; it is in the shape of a beehive, ninety-six feet high, and one hundred and twenty-six paces in circumference: it has two flights of stone steps to ascend to the summit; and here is a large opening, by which it was to have been filled with corn, to serve as a supply in the event of a famine, and which, when wanted, was to have been dug out from four doors at the bottom: it has, however, never yet been filled."

Near Manger, a remarkable birkut, or banian-tree, is described, which "in extent, variety of form, and grand and highly picturesque groups of mighty stems and pendent rope-like columns, far exceeds any tree of



the kind in this part of India. It is situated close upon the banks of the Gogra, and at a short distance from its point of junction with the Ganges, and viewed from a distance, has the appearance of a vast *tope*, or grove. It rises to a most gigantic height, and its large limbs stretch out to a great length in every direction, supported by their columnar shafts in graceful clusters, which they send downwards to the earth for this purpose.

"At the time I visited and examined this wonderful production of nature, some natives, who had been cutting wood in the neighbourhood, happened to pass under it, and seeing me attentively examining its various parts, accosted me, and expressed some surprise at my admiration of its wonderful structure. We entered into conversation, and in the course of it I learned the history of this great natural wonder, which is religiously and implicitly credited by the inhabitants of the surrounding districts.

"About one thousand years ago, they very gravely told me, there lived on this spot a very religious and holy Brahminne woman, famed for the austerity and sanctity of her life: her name was Gunga Purrain: she lived to a very great age, and did not die, but the earth opening swallowed her up, and on the spot where she disappeared this tree in one night sprang up. In the centre of this grove, formed of one tree, is now a large open space; and where the original trunk stood there is a small building, consisting of four low mud walls only, eight or ten feet square, without a roof; inclosed in which is a small rude kind of mound, or altar of earth, over which some flowers were strewn when I saw it. The original trunk has perished, no doubt by gradual decay; but its children, its descendants, encircle the spot on which their parent stood, and clasped in each other's embraces, joined and united as one family, form a perfect circle, a magnificent screen, consisting of lofty white and shining columns, crowned with masses of the richest and most luxuriant foliage. Rich festoons of the same hang in every varied and graceful form, interspersed amidst these natural pillars; while beneath long galleries and noble arcades extend in all directions, and form deep and shady recesses, grand porticoes, and large and lofty halls, like the pictured palaces of Fairy-Land. The circumference of this mighty tree round the outer stems is four hundred yards, and it is calculated that ten thousand men can repose beneath its shelter.

"There is another of these trees in the province of Sirhind, equal in bulk to the one above mentioned; but it is less ancient, and being quite perfect, and without any decayed parts, does not produce by any means so grand and varied a picture as this at Mungee."

Our classical readers will remember the marvellous accounts of this tree, the *Ficus Indicus* found in Greek and Roman authors; and like many other marvellous accounts, more doubted by the ignorant and sceptical than they ought to have been. Pliny describes the tree, and reports from report that it throws its shade over a space of two stadia (more than 1200 feet); that the stem, in some, is sixty paces thick, and that the leaves are as large as the Pelta or Thracian shield. Theophrastus also gives a clear and accurate account of the banian; but such of our readers as are desirous of farther information respecting it, may be referred to an excellent paper by Dr. Noehden, in the first Number of the Transactions of the Royal

Asiatic Society. Pass we on to the ancient city of Benares, where Col. Forrest observed a singular mode of travelling.

"I heard, (he tells us,) although I could see nothing, the voices of several persons apparently near us; and as no canoe or vessel of any kind was in sight, I was at a loss to divine whence they proceeded. I was soon, however, made acquainted with the apparent mystery, and speedily perceived half a dozen natives floating in the water about breast-high, each having a long bamboo, with something attached to its upper extremity. I found on inquiry that their contrivance was an ingenious one, being as follows:

"An earthen pot, called a *kedgeroe* pot, commonly used for their cooking, is inverted in the water, its mouth downwards; to this is firmly tied a stout bamboo of five or six feet long, so that the thicker end of the pole shall be even with the mouth of the vessel. On the latter the man mounts, and it buoys him up considerably: he has little clothes of course on him; but to the upper end of his pole is attached his *lootie*, or brass vessel, and a change of dress to put on when he goes ashore, and which is kept perfectly dry. The party on the present occasion evinced great good humour, and chatted and laughed right merrily, seeming to trust their course entirely to the river's current. - - -

"The point of junction of the two rivers, Ganges and Jumna, (of which there is a view,) is a great resort of pilgrims, who come in vast crowds from the most remote parts of India to bathe in the sacred waters, and purify themselves from worldly sins. Many of these weak and superstitious wretches, urged on by their Brahmins, and deluded by the hope of eternal happiness, plunge into the holy stream, and sink never to rise again, with the firm conviction on their minds that they will go immediately to heaven."

There is an entertaining description of a visit to Oude: it is too long for insertion altogether; but one of the spectacles given by the Nuwab (an Elephant Fight,) is too remarkable to be omitted.

"An elegant breakfast (says Colonel F.) awaited our arrival; after which we passed to a spacious verandah on the east side of the palace, which looked down into the area prepared for the combat: the latter was nearly surrounded by a paling of bamboo, eighteen or twenty feet high. Soon after we were all seated the crowd were admitted, and presently filled the circumference of the theatre below us. Two very large war-elephants were now brought forward from opposite sides, each preceded by its favourite female, whose presence it appears is necessary to arouse the anger of these noble animals. The conflict of this pair, however, gave little sport, one of them appearing very shy, and inferior to his opponent in strength; they were therefore withdrawn. Another pair now advanced, led as the first. These approached with a slow and majestic step, until they caught a glimpse of each other; both then raising their trunks, and uttering a shrill and angry cry, rushed with the most tremendous impetuosity together, presenting their heads to receive the first shock. It was awfully grand. The animals, thus stopped in their first career, still continued to strive by every possible exertion of strength and art to force their adversary back, or to attack him in flank. Their heads, however, still were firmly pressed together, and they alternately receded and rallied. One was of rather a smaller

size than his antagonist, but he appeared to make up for this deficiency by his greater spirit. He retreated a little for a moment, but it was only to renew the charge with increased rage: again they met; the same tremendous concussion took place, and these attacks were several times repeated, until in a last and most desperate one a tooth of the smaller elephant was broken in two with a loud crash. Still he was not dispirited, and would have persevered longer in the contest; but being now so decidedly inferior to his adversary, the fire-works were cast between them, which ended the combat.

"The noble animals kept for this sport are unfit of course for any other purpose, and are almost ungovernable by their *mahauts*. They are fed, to bring them to this furious state, on high-seasoned food and spices, which in a manner intoxicate them, and render them furious beyond description.

"The *mahauts*, or conductors, sit upon the elephant's back during the contest, and too often fall victims to the mad rage of their own animal or the opposing foe. There is a large pad like a mattress strongly fixed on the animal's back, and covered over with a coarse netting of thick white cotton rope; to this the *mahaut* clings, and as the elephants approach to the attack, the rider gradually recedes towards the tail, where he usually is at the moment of the shock, stimulating the already furious animal with his voice and the sharp goad with which the elephant is always driven and guided."

Here we must close, having omitted all reference to mosques, tombs, ruins, columns, and other wonders of art, as well as picturesque descriptions, &c.; but, in truth, this work to be appreciated must be seen.

*The Modern Athens: a Dissection and Demonstration of Men and Things in the Scotch Capital.* By a Modern Greek. 12mo. pp. 320. London 1825. Knight & Lacey.

"A MODERN GREEK" is a very equivocal anomyne to take in London; for with us it implies cheat, gambler, and rogue. The author, however, does not mean this; on the contrary, he over and over again asserts that he is an honest man and a writer of veracity: the which not doubting in the slightest degree, we would infer from his book that he was in politics a modern whig; by country a Scotchman; connected in some way or other with a burgh; and of a somewhat disappointed and splenetic disposition of mind. The first of these conjectures is founded on his continual sneers at Sir Walter Scott, abuse of what he calls "official men," and monstrous antipathy to all Tories; the second, on the Scotticisms in his style; the third, on the prodigious importance which he attaches throughout to the subject of little burghs and their little magistracies, and his everlasting recurrence to the same topic; and the fourth and last, on the moody manner in which he treats every thing of which he speaks. We are convinced that he has grossly misrepresented the city of Edinburgh, its inhabitants, the people of Scotland generally, and the higher classes especially: but we leave the refutation to northern Reviewers, and content ourselves with placing the author in his own shape before our readers for their judgment. The scope and spirit of the work may be gathered from the following:

"In the Athens, this relative superiority of the humbler classes over those whom chance, ancestry, or office, has set up into the high places, is not only more remarkable than



in any other locality that I ever visited, but the most remarkable, at least the most admirable feature in the character of the Athens herself. I have said, and I dare themselves to deny it, that her men in office are a trifling and a truckling race; I have said, and I dare myself to deny it, that a great mass of her scribes unite some of the worst propensities of the Jew, with none of the best of the attorney; I have said, and I dare them to deny it, that her schools of philosophy have 'fallen into the sear and yellow leaf,' and that her philosophical societies pursue trifles from which even school-boys would turn with disdain; and I have said, that her *gentry* have neither the capacity nor the means of encouraging the sciences, literature, and the fine arts; but though I have said thus, and said it from personal—perhaps painful, observation, I am bound to add, that in point of intellect, and all matters considered in point of conduct, the populace of the Athens are far superior to any with which I am acquainted. When I visited the public libraries, the men whom I found borrowing the classical and philosophical books wore aprons, while the occasional lady or gentleman that I saw there, was satisfied with the romance of the week, or the pamphlet of the day.

"This accumulation of intellect among the lower and labouring classes is a delightful thing,—when contemplated as studying history or philosophy, or sporting itself with the finest productions of genius. In this calmness and tranquillity it puts one in mind of the blue expanse of the interminable and unfathomable ocean; its immensity makes you feel it sublime; its depth tints it with that transparent green which the eye never wearies in contemplating,—but, when the wind is up, when the billows heave their masses, dash their spray to the heavens, and deafen the ends of the earth with their roar, the ocean becomes a fearful and a formidable thing; and, when the winds of oppression chafe it, so is a population so learned, and so linked together, as the labouring classes of the Athens."

This is fine writing with a vengeance; and what, it may be asked, is the grand advantage which the author deduces from the superior intellect of the lower and labouring classes, which puts him in mind of the fearful, interminable, unfathomable, formidable, and green ocean? Why truly, that they make the most dangerous mobs in the world!!! To prove this he refers to the famous Porteus mob, and relates the particulars of a more recent instance of riot and spoliation; and thus draws his gratifying conclusion:

"Meanwhile, the alarm had been given to the powers and protectors; but when they came to read the riot act, and scatter the spoilers, there remained none to hear, but shattered houses and frightened inmates, and nothing to scatter, except fragments of glass. Fortunately, the mischief was not very great; but the manner in which it was done was enough to show the superior tactics, and consequently superior danger of an Athenian mob."

— "But if these habits make the labouring classes in the Athens more intelligent and delightful as a people than the same classes are in England, they render them as much more dangerous as a mob. . . . They have repeatedly—indeed upon every occasion where they have been aroused and brought together, evinced an union and organization which, with arms and perseverance, would have made them formidable to a large military force; and they

have kept their plans so secret, and executed their purposes with so much promptitude and skill, that the whole of the legal and local authorities, in the joint exercise of their wisdom and their fears, have not been enabled to penetrate the one or prevent the other."

With this convincing and salutary illustration before us of the most admired disorder which springs from the cultivation of the mental and corporeal substratum of Scottish society, according to the theory of our Modern Greek, we cannot wonder at his thinking less favourably of the higher classes:

"Society is indeed, as it were, reversed in the Athens; the men of the law give their evenings to Bacchus; those who are called philosophers, give theirs to butterflies; the ladies associate for the purposes of gossiping; and the gentlemen, with praiseworthy gallantry, assist the ladies; while the artisans pursue literature and study philosophy. Thus, although there be more both of the one and the other in the Athens, than one would at first sight suppose, the supposition is excusable because they are not to be found where one would first and most naturally seek for them. . . .

"The Athens boasts of herself as a model of elegance and of taste: I found her a compound of squalour and of vulgarity. She boasts of her philosophy: I found it pursuing thistle-down over the wilderness. She boasts of her literary spirit: I found her literature a mere disjointed skeleton, or rather the cast-skin of a toothless serpent. She boasts of her public spirit: I found almost every man pursuing his own petty interests, by the most sinister and contemptible means; and, perchance, the most noisy of her patriots standing open-mouthed, if so that the very smallest fragment of place or pension might drop into them. She boasts of the encouragements that she has given to genius: I looked into the record, and I found that every man of genius who had depended upon her patronage, had been debauched and starved. She boasts of the purity of her manners: I found the one sex engaged in slander as a trade, and the other in low sensuality as a profession. Under those findings—and they required not to be sought—I had no alternative for my judgment."

In another part we are told—

"The Scots are, unquestionably, not a superstitious people; neither do they care for parade. Upon ordinary occasions, too, they are a disputing and quarrelling, rather than an united people; and with the exception of those who are either paid or expect to be paid for it, they are by no means inordinate in their loyalty."

This is a change of character, and a bad one at the same time: which, if either, of the author's descriptions is the true one? Are the Scotch intelligent or not; are they good or evil; are they better or worse than other nations! Certes the Modern Greek enables us no more to decide these questions than to guess the meaning of his own contradictions. If we come, however, from general views to particulars, he is more intelligible. A great part of his volume relates to His Majesty's visit to Edinburgh; and we are assured, with uncommon modesty in the conjunction, that—"the Sovereign of these realms was the first to set his foot upon Scottish ground, while the author of these pages occupied the very pinnacle of the Scottish palace."

From the top of Holyrood House the "author of these pages" could of course readily

discern and hear what passed on the pier of Leith, the distance, as the crow flies, being within a Scotch mile. We can therefore believe in the very minutiae of his account.

"The magistrates of Leith, all tingling and but ill at their ease, stood shaking and speechless to receive him; but their blushes were a good deal spared by those grand monopolists of Caledonian loyalty, the lords president, justice clerk, baron register, and advocate, and that mighty master of the ceremonies, and that mightier memorialist, (who, it was hoped, would cut the thing into everlasting brass,) Sir Walter Scott."

We say nothing to the candour of this; though it does appear to us to be penned in a most pitiful spirit, and not unworthy of the vulgar jests about the addresses and the closet behind the throne, which the author seems to consider so original and happy, that he sports them more than once in his uncleanly humours.

We have noticed the constant repetitions about burgh affairs, in which the writer is more deeply concerned than any of his readers can possibly be. They are his perpetual theme;—all other subjects resolve into them; and one might be tempted to suppose that his book was written for no other purpose but to argue upon certain points connected therewith, very momentous to him, and perfectly indifferent to all the world besides.

"The very magistrates of Edinburgh,—that provost Arbuthnot, the moment that he knew his own was to be the only '*gentry*' conferred upon a Scottish magistrate, cut his country cousins. Not even Glasgow herself, notwithstanding her lodgings hired at a thousand guineas a week, could be permitted to taste so much as a glass of cold water in the presence of the King. Perth 'tried herself o' the Gaelic,' and swore all the oaths of the mountains; the little, side-fidgetting, owl-faced provost of Inverness, who had come 'over the hills and far away' in a dog-cart, in order that he might avoid the contamination of his bailies, poked out his under lip like the edge of a singed pancake, and with his right hand gave a most fierce and ominous scratching to his left elbow. Aberdeen blasted the eyes of his own cats, and vowed that he would 'vote for Josaph Heem, oat o' pyure retrebeeshon.' Never, indeed, was bold beginning brought to so lame and impotent a conclusion; but it was a conclusion which any person, except a Scotch burgh magistrate, might have anticipated. Even the Lord-Mayor of London is a commoner at Hampstead or Brixton, and what, then, could an Inverness or a Perth Bailie, or even a Glasgow Provost, be in the modern Athens, and while the whole of the official men there were bowing before the King, in the hope of securing all the advantage to themselves?"

Again—"For a day or two previous, they who one little week before had looked down, not only upon great merchants and little squires, but absolutely upon the nobles of the land, might be found at the corners and crossings of streets, begging a bow from the poorest of their townsmen. . . .

"The rout soon became general: Glasgow, in great wrath, took her coach, and her lamentation, and drove so furiously, that the cries of 'make way for the duke,' and 'stop thief!' resounded alternately at the hamlets and turnpike-gates; while the echo of the western city, emptied as it still was of a great part of its inhabitants, was the most dismal that can be imagined. Aberdeen tarried not

the wheels of her chariot, until she had reached her own Castle Street; where the answer that she made to the many inquiries as to what she had gotten was, 'It wad nae mak ony body vera fat.' Nor was disappointment the only misery against which they had to bear up. Perth got her head broken by thrusting herself in the way at the peer's ball. Poor Dundee got her pocket picked at some place she did not mention. Inverness was put on quarantine when she went home. Inverbernie found that during her absence, a radical barber and breeches-maker had established himself next door, and monopolized the whole custom; and, in short, every one had a tale of woe, which, while it pleaded for pity, found only derision."

But this depreciatory style is not always confined to the burgh bodies—the eminent objects of the author's spleen; within a few hours of the King's leaving Edinburgh, he asserts—

"Excepting in shopkeepers' books, in the blackening of a few houses in the illumination, and in the baronet's patent of Sir William Arbuthnot, and the knighthood of Raeburn, a painter, and Fergusson, deputy-king of the Athenian beef-eaters, the Athens retained no external trace of the royal visit, even when the royal cavalcade was barely escaping from the suburbs."

The females of Edinburgh are represented in a style equally derogatory, and we will venture to add, false and libellous.

"There is often (says a writer, who never could have mixed with the virtuous and respectable society of his native land,) there is often more anatomy demonstration in a single Caledonian wrinkle, than in all the blushes of the most blooming dame southward of the Tweed. The extreme vigilance, too, with which the ladies of the Athens watch each other, and especially the cat-like lurkings which the plain and decaying have for those who have more of the species and are more in the season of bloom, gives a wariness to the character of every woman within that metropolis, and makes even the most accredited and creditable love an affair of mystery and intrigue. If a gentleman is detected walking with or speaking civilly to one lady, eyes, from loop-holes of which he dreams not, are instantly upon him, and the affair is handed about from coterie to coterie, as a marriage, or as something worse; while, if he is seen with two or more, he is a Don Juan of the first magnitude, and they, 'poor dear lost things, are—very much to be pitied indeed.' So far as I know, they have no tendency to pity themselves in such cases; but this may be the very reason why they have so much of it to spare to their neighbours."

"This propensity could not be restrained even by the counter-excitation of the royal presence; and while every body upon whom the King was pleased to smile at the shows (and he was graciously pleased to smile upon a great number) was pitied, or, as it might have been, *enraged*, as the object of regal flirtation, those blowy country sisters and cousins, whom awkward accountants and spruce scribes kept lumbering along the streets upon the resting days, were, in the bitterness of the Athenian anguish, set down as spouses soon to be."

We will conclude with two specimens of the author's talent as a rival of Plutarch. The first is his portrait of Sir W. Scott, a man who would do honour to any country, and who

ought to be respected by every countryman.

"Before the Judges have taken their places in the Inner Courts, you cannot miss the tall figure, the gleesome grey eye, the snub nose, and all the other characteristics of the spirit of the wizard and the soul of the man, that mark Sir Walter Scott. A dozen of chosen friends, some Whig and some Tory, hang about him; and, as he limps along with wonderful vigour, considering the irregularity of his legs, peals of laughter ring at every word which he utters, and a score of fledgling Tory barristers, who have not yet got either a place or a brief, stretch out their goose necks, huddle round, and cackle at the echo of that which they cannot possibly hear."

But this coarse and ungentelemanlike daubing is nothing to the flight about another distinguished ornament of Scottish literature.

"In another place, or rather in all places, the Editor of the Edinburgh Review starts about like wildfire; and unless it be when an attorney ever and anon brings him up with the sheet-anchor of a fee and a brief, there is no possibility of arresting his motion. He darts aside like lightning, runs over the brief with such rapidity that you would think he were merely counting the pages of an article for the Edinburgh Review, and having handed it to his clerk, who seems as heavy as himself is agile, he again darts into the throng, like an otter into the waters, and is seen no more till he brings up another gudgeon."

"Wherever you meet with this highly-gifted personage, you are never at a loss to distinguish him from every body else. His writings, his speeches, and his face, have the most remarkable family likeness that I ever met with. All the three seem cut into little faucettes and angles, which glitter and sparkle in every possibility of light, both direct and oblique. In the speech and the writing, rich as is the play of genius on the surface, it bears no proportion to the mass of intellect which it covers and dazzles; and keen, acute, and purged of all grossness and obesity, as is the lower part of the face, it bears no proportion to the expansion of forehead that towers above. Jeffrey has the most wonderful pair of eyes that ever illuminated a human visage. Even when he is shooting along like a small but swift meteor through the crowd in the Parliament House, they are beaming so as to force you to turn away your eyes, and if he look at you, you find yourself utterly unable to withstand it. When that look is darting for any important purpose, such as to ascertain whether a witness be or be not speaking the truth, it is more searching than that of Garrow even in his best days, so that the most hardened tremble before it, and are instantly divested of all power of concealing the truth. If, however, you attempt to repay Jeffrey in his own coin, by working into his mind with that sharp and anatomical glance which he employs in dissecting the minds of other people, you find that you are woefully mistaken. Those eyes, which can penetrate to the bottom of any other man's heart, and expose even that part of it which he studies with the greatest assiduity to conceal, are a perfect sealed book to you; you cannot see beyond their external surface, and they give you not so much as a hint of what the owner is thinking, or what he may be disposed to say or do next. Wonderful as the eyes are, they are perhaps exceeded by the eyebrows, and certainly too such intellectual batteries were never alter-

nately masked and displayed in a manner so singular. They range over a greater extent of surface, and twist themselves into a more endless variety of curves than is almost possible to conceive, and while they do so, they express all manner of thoughts, and utter all descriptions of sentences."

These are eyes and eyebrows to write about indeed! How invaluable the former in extorting truth from witnesses! How unparalleled the latter in their range over extent of surface, twisting into the shape of every line in geometry, and even delivering themselves in good set speeches! Then the other features of the superlative description of one who is like "wildfire," "lightning," "an otter," "a swift meteor," &c. &c. who looks into souls, and is himself impenetrable; whose motion there is no possibility of arresting, especially when catching gudgeons; whose writings resemble his face as his face does his speeches, in being all cut into little glittering and sparkling faucettes and angles; and, in fine, whose genius not only covers but dazzles his own mass of intellect—is really a piece of about as silly nonsense as it ever was our lot to endeavour to comprehend. The Modern Greek cannot make such a man as Mr. Jeffrey ridiculous; but he has admirably succeeded in making himself so, and so we leave him.

+ Eyes seem favourite features for the exercise of the author's highest flights of description. Of another advocate (Mr. R. Forsyth) he tells that "his eyes have that divergent squint which enables him at once to scan both sides of the horizon."

#### MEMOIRS OF THE AFFAIRS OF EUROPE, ETC.

OF this volume we last week gave our readers merely a taste; and indeed we shall be able to do little more, with all that we can find room to say of it in our *Gazette*. The subject is a broad one; and when we see a quarto of nearly 600 stout pages devoted to so few of the years embraced by the general design, and relating besides to only two nations, France and England, we feel some apprehension at the extent to which the original work must go in bringing down the history of European events to the present time. It is however our duty to make Vol. I. better known to the public.

We have already noticed that the author appeared to hazard some paradoxes in his Introduction; and to justify our remark, we shall quote an example. After reviewing the political state of the fifteenth century, and the increase of powers in the monarchs reigning at that epoch, he says—

"Thus the period of the revival of letters, to which we are accustomed to look back as the commencement of every liberal art and civilized institution, was in fact the era of the downfall of freedom, and of the establishment of arbitrary power. If it is asked, how it happened that the people of the continent of Europe resigned their ancient liberties and prescriptive constitutions with such a degrading tameness, the cause is no doubt to be found in the principle I have before mentioned, viz. the love of property. It was this which induced men to ask for established laws, and a regular administration of justice, as the chief benefits to be acquired by society. There are not many cases, it was vulgarly thought, in which the sovereign could have an interest in attacking the life or property of a citizen in violation of established law. So as the government left their subjects undisturbed in the enjoyment of property and

case, therefore, the community was ready to leave the government to act as it pleased in matters of political concern. Hence an indifference prevailed on the continent from the beginning of the sixteenth to the middle of the eighteenth century on questions of mere liberty.\*

This theory seems to rest on mistaken views of what real liberty is: surely it is consistent with the love and preservation of property! The noble author is hostile to the principles on which the Holy Alliance is cemented; but rather anticipates the evils in perspective, than dwells upon any that have arisen or are likely to arise during the lifetime of the high contracting parties, whose ostensible object was to heal the bleeding wounds of Europe.

"Let (says his Lordship) the friends of freedom, however, endeavour as much as is in their power to curb the vengeance of the people. Let their magnanimity be worthy of the great cause of which they are the defenders. I fear, however, that now the contest is begun, the wise and the good can no longer arrest its fury. It is fortunate for the philanthropist who can weave dreams of universal peace, the offspring of universal freedom! My eyes can perceive no such visions. I trust that a happier era is preparing for Europe than any that she has seen since the rise of the Roman Empire; but I anticipate with sad certainty, that the contests now carrying on will display to the end a due proportion of those crimes and vices to the recording pen of history, and the reflective observation of philosophy, that seem to be the inseparable companions of aspiring and imperfect man."

We confess that we are of the same opinion. We cannot help thinking such a confederacy of Sovereigns inconsistent with the independence of states and freedom of mankind. We could wish, indeed, to take a less sanguinary glance at the future than the noble writer; and to indulge in a hope, that when the revolutionary pretext or exigency which gave rise to it has ceased, it will dissolve away from its own want of unity.

We avoid any quotation or discussion of the author's remarks on our own affairs previous to and at the death of Anne: there are, we think, some expressions and assertions in which the true history of the period would not sustain him; but there are (on the other hand) events which, if he had perused some very recent French authors, he would have been able to bring with infinitely more force to the support of his arguments. The following relates to a subject of present interest, and we select the passage for that reason:

"We had a special treaty with Portugal of the year 1702, called the Methuen treaty, by which we agreed to receive the wines of Portugal for a third less duty than those of France, provided the Portuguese admitted

our woollens. Sir William Wyndham alleged that our woollens would be admitted at all events, whether they were provided for by treaty or not; and this is very probably the truth. In any case it seems a very awkward mode of forwarding commerce, to restrain the taste of a nation in wine, and debar it from some of the most delicious productions in the whole world, for the purpose of improving the sale of woollen goods. Indeed it is certain, that if the wines of all countries had been placed on an equal footing, a demand for our manufactures would have been found somewhere fully equal to the consumption of wine. Laying all these objections aside, however, some political reasons might be alleged against the commercial treaty with France. On the breaking out of a war there is no greater inconvenience to a nation, at a time when she wants all her resources, than the loss of a great branch of her commerce; and experience as well as reason teaches us, that of all wars, the most frequent and the most formidable to England, are those in which she is engaged with France. The same argument may be urged in support of the Methuen treaty with Portugal. I confess, that this view, if not conclusive, appears to me to be deserving of the utmost attention."

Are we to fear that the duties on French wines will not be modified this year?—As an example of his Lordship's opinions upon another important question—Parliamentary Reform—we make our next selection. He is speaking of the Septennial Bill brought in by the Whigs; and says—

"The measure must be tried then by its own merits, upon the question, whether seven years is a better period for a representative assembly than three? If the assembly truly represents the people, I own I should think the longer period preferable to the shorter. The object of a representative government is, to obtain an assembly to check and controul the executive, in the name and on the behalf of the people. It is very desirable, undoubtedly, that the members of it should be obliged to justify the confidence reposed in them, by the necessity of returning for the renewal of their powers; but if the interval is made too short, instead of taking a large and extensive view of the whole interests of the government, they are forced to canvass the people on every particular question, and to yield to every gust of popular opinion. Thus the benefit of representative government is lost, and a select assembly becomes a no better instrument of deliberation than the populace of any large town. Perhaps, indeed, seven years may be a period unnecessarily long, but I am inclined to think three inconveniently short."

"Another reason for the Septennial Bill, is derived from the strength which it was calculated to give the House of Commons. An assembly which sits only for two or three years will perpetually change its spirit, and no reliance can be placed on its wishes or resolutions. But a body which is convoked annually for six years together, becomes fit for the purposes of government; it learns to feel its own strength; and by help of the power of refusing supplies, soon finds itself able to controul every movement of the executive power. Indeed, this influence of the House of Commons is by some considered as excessive and unconstitutional; but I presume this argument is only used by those, who consider the constitution of the House of Commons so defective, as to make their in-

terference in all cases an evil. Such an opinion does not appear to me to be well founded. It seems to me, that whatever may be the abuses which have crept into elections, there is yet so much of the popular element in the House of Commons, that the increase of their power must always be attended, to a certain degree, by the benefits which attend the controul of the people over the conduct of their government;—a more careful attention to interests, and some conformity to the enlightened opinion of the nation."

But it is time for us to finish, which we shall do with anecdotes of Cardinal Dubois, the famous French minister, during the Orleans regency:

"Dubois died immensely rich. His political and ecclesiastical preferments amounted to about 574,000 livres a year. Added to this, he is said to have received a pension of 40,000*l.* a year from England, which, if true, would make his whole income amount to nearly 64,000*l.* a year. But it is probable that the amount of his pension is exaggerated, and very possible that it never existed. ---

"His chief talent lay in intrigue, and in governing the Duke of Orleans. He is said to have employed so much of his time in this last occupation, that he had no leisure left for public affairs; and a story is current, of his taking up a large parcel of unsealed letters and throwing them into the fire, saying, 'Now I have brought up all my arrears.' Other accounts represent him as very industrious. ---

"Many anecdotes are related of his ungovernable temper. He would often get up and run round the room upon the tables and chairs, even in the presence of the Regent. Those who attended his audience, of whatever rank they might be, were often dismissed with rudeness, if not with oaths. One day a lady of the court went to wait upon him, to thank him for a favour conferred upon her. She had no sooner begun—"Monsieur," than Dubois interrupted her; "Oh! Monsieur, Monsieur, it can't be done."—"But, Monsieur—" "By all the devils, when I tell you it cannot be."—"Monsieur"—began again the poor lady, when Dubois seized her by the shoulders, turned her round, and pushed her out of the room."

"With a violent temper, Dubois was not ill-natured. An officer, who had long attended his levee to make an application, burst out a laughing at seeing him swear violently: Dubois came up to him, and said, 'I see you are no fool; you shall have what you ask for.' Another time he was swearing at his clerks, saying, that with thirty clerks he could not get his business done: Venier, his secretary, after looking at him a long time in silence, answered, 'Monsieur, take one clerk more to swear and scold for you; half your time will be saved, and your business will be done.' Dubois laughed, and was appeased. It must be said to his praise, that he seems to have been quite exempt from cruelty."

With these pleasant stories we conclude. There is no man in the kingdom to whom we could so well wish free access to the famous collection of Stuart papers than Lord John Russell. We are sure he would make a good use of them; whereas the Commissioners appointed by Parliament seem to have made no use of them at all.

\* At 301, for instance, in treating of the Hanoverian succession, it is stated—"If we reflect on the means by which this great event was brought about, we shall see, it was almost entirely effected by skillful management on the one side, and the want of it on the other. The perpetual activity of the Whigs, their vicious appeals to the nation, and their admirable party discipline, made it extremely difficult for the Jacobites to form any extensive combination, or to prepare the mind of the nation for the change they meditated. On the other hand, the indecision and insincerity of Harley broke his followers into divisions, inasmuch that, after four years of power, the Tory party was declared, by one of its leaders, to be dissolved. Perhaps there never was an instance which so clearly demonstrated the importance of political union, and the value of a few able chiefs." Yet, on his own showing, the mere accidents, of Queen Anne's dying before Bolingbroke was established in office, and Lewis XIV. before James could employ his aid, contributed infinitely more to this great event.



LISBON IN 1821, 2, 3.\*

HAVING last week given an account of this unpretending and gossiping publication, and fully borne out our remarks by a number of miscellaneous extracts from its first volume, we have now little else to do but to pursue the same course, and select for the amusement of our readers, some specimens of the same sort from the second.

On Jan. 26th, 1822, a grand ball was given to the restored King, at the Portuguese assembly rooms; where Mrs. Baillie was assigned "a place amidst a crowd of ladies, who were ranged in rows, three and four deep, (the gentlemen all standing) awaiting the arrival of the King, who was then at the opera, from whence he had arranged to come to the ball. After waiting full two hours, a message arrived from the royal box, which put the directors into a bustle, and all the ladies into a flutter of expectation. 'El Rey, el Rey!' burst from every lip—but no! it was only a gentleman of the court, who brought tidings that his majesty intended to stay the ballet at San Carlos. . . .

"At length, the noise of his heavy coach was heard, resembling the dull lumbering sound of a hearse; then a thundering roll of the drums, and the loud pealing of bells; and while the musicians in the gallery played up the constitutional hymn, the directors went forth in a body, to receive the sovereign at the foot of the stairs, from whence they conducted him into an antichamber, to rest for a few minutes upon a gold and crimson velvet throne, erected for the purpose. Here the six directors kissed hands, and after a short interval, Don Joao, accompanied by his second son, Don Miguel, (the eldest having remained, as you know, as regent in the Brazil,) his married daughter, widow of the late Infante of Spain, the second princess, Donna Isabella, and his little grandson, child of the widowed princess, passed through the antichamber in which we sat, attended by the chamberlains and ladies in waiting. The moment they had placed themselves upon their elevated seats at the top of the ballroom, the dancing commenced with great spirit; the ladies, of course, all rose as they passed, and both gentlemen and ladies (at least those who were personally known to them) kissed their hands as they moved through the glittering ranks which opened with difficulty to afford them a passage.

"The king was dressed in a scarlet uniform covered with diamonds, and rendered more ceremonious by a sort of scarf drapery, depending from his shoulder, being the ribbon of the principal orders: we had both seen him before; indeed, my husband had been presented by the English minister only a few days previous, therefore we were aware of the difference in the usual expression of his countenance, and that which appeared this evening. Terror (extreme, evident, but gradually yielding to the encouraging influence of female beauty and the general respectful devotion of manner exhibited by the gentlemen,) was its predominant character. Don Miguel walked next; a thin slight youth, with pale and rather elegant features, from which, however, every ray of intelligence seemed banished: solemn, upright, and immovable; when once seated, he had the air of a statue or an automaton. The little grandson was, this evening, very tired and sleepy, and as he sat perched up in state by

his royal grandfather's side, with his small legs dangling from a very high and uncomfortable seat, I longed to have possessed the power of carrying him off to bed. Six chamberlains stood ranged behind this regal group, dressed in scarlet coats embroidered with gold, with outrageously long waists, which made them appear all back and stomach. Their various orders, stars, and collars really dazzled the eye, and they appeared altogether so loaded with finery, and so stiff with embroidery, that they could hardly turn their heads, or make use of their limbs; perfect specimens of the ancient courtier—stiffened, cramped, confined, and unnatural. The dress of the ladies was splendid, and their jewels of incredible beauty and value."

A view to the interior of a strict convent, (that of the Visitation near Ajuda, about three miles from Lisbon) was a sight equally rare; and we copy a few of the particulars relating to it.

"The bells of the convent now ringing out a merry peal, and the sound of wheels being heard in the outer court, we all confusedly hurried into the hall to receive the princess, who, surrounded by her ladies in waiting, immediately entered; she is, I believe, nearly eighty, and very plain, but her manners are gracious, (comparatively considered,) and she has the reputation of much benevolence and kindness of heart. Here my friend, as is usual during every interview with a royal personage, kneeling upon both knees, on the cold flagged pavement, kissed her hand, and then presenting me, I was permitted the same honour, in the same position; shortly afterwards she took an opportunity of requesting, as a personal obligation, that her 'particular friend, a young lady who, after travelling much upon the continent, was come to Portugal for the improvement of her mind, might be allowed to accompany the princess and her spit into the penetralia of the convent.' Permission having been granted, for which I felt extremely anxious, we proceeded to the chapel, where two venerable priests (one of whom appeared to be of the most advanced age) celebrated mass. During this ceremony we found an opportunity of slipping away, after having knelt upon the bare pavement for some minutes, to view the interior of the establishment, which in all its parts is highly worthy of observation, and I may add of admiration. The cells were beautifully neat—the beds of white muslin spotless as snow, and the boarded flooring delicately clean: a chair, a table, a low footstool used for the purpose of prayer, a crucifix, and a few prints of saints, and of the virgin, hung upon the walls, comprised the only furniture. Over each door a sentence is inscribed in praise of some particular virtue or Christian grace, which the inmate is recommended to cultivate. . . . The windows were strongly guarded by iron gratings, but they looked upon the convent garden, and the sun streamed brightly and cheerfully into the apartments. . . .

"The young scholars dine altogether in a hall adjoining the vast and commodious kitchen: I saw the cloth laid for their dinner, which is served at eleven o'clock, as they breakfast by day-break, and retire to rest at eight: every thing was delicately and elegantly arranged, and each girl had her own large silver drinking cup, and a fine napkin placed beside her plate. Their dormitory was the perfection of neatness; each scholar

sleeps in a small separate bed, with white transparent mosquito curtains; the apartment is lighted at night by a lamp suspended from the ceiling, and two grave elderly femmes-de-chambre sleep there, to preserve order and regularity. The dress of the children is becoming and graceful, consisting of a black stuff frock, a pelerine of white muslin, a transparent white veil, and a forehead band of crimson ribbon, to confine their hair in the simple Madona form; they also wear a broad ribbon round the neck, of the same colour, from whence depends a large silver cross. . . . After mass we assembled in the scholars' embroidery room, where we saw many beautiful specimens of their work; and we here found the princess, seated on a low chair, at the upper end of the apartment, with all the nuns sitting cross-legged in the Moorish fashion around her. The superior reclined at the feet of her royal visitor; she was a very plain woman, a Swiss catholic, and wore no veil, but a close cut crop of rough hair, which entirely destroyed all dignity of person, and gave her the appearance of a country boy. This office is changed every third year, in order to promote a spirit of humility, and the nuns have all things in common, upon a similar principle; they never inhabit the same cells for more than twelve months at a time, all the little furniture, even to the prints upon the walls, being ceded in turn to the several possessors. The chief ornaments of the convent were various altars, decorated with white linen, curiously bordered with ancient lace, artificial flowers, and sundry images of the virgin, who was invariably represented by little wax dolls, decked in trumpery tinselled petticoats, standing stiffly out, like the old-fashioned bell hoops; there were also, the bones of several saints, carefully preserved in glass cases, the principal among whom was Saint Bruno; his skeleton is clothed in a rich dress, with a corset and sword; upon one of the fingers could be perceived a ring, dimly sparkling through the silk glove, and the head is of wax, representing that of a young man, with his eyes closed, as if in sleep or death. I also saw some indifferent paintings, as large as life, describing the several acts of humiliation to which our Almighty Redeemer vouchsafed to submit while on earth. . . .

Before leaving the convent, Mrs. Baillie describes an affecting scene of a nun on her death-bed; but, lest we swell our selections too much, we pass it over for a more public exhibition.

"The late reigning queen of Portugal, who died in Brazil six years ago, at an advanced age, and whose body had been removed from one convent to another ever since the event, was at length finally buried in the vaults of the Estrella convent at Lisbon, about a fortnight ago. . . . One remarkable circumstance remains yet to be told; the ceremony of her funeral toilette. Two of the young princesses were appointed by the king to the high honour of presiding, and four ladies in waiting performed the enviable office of tire-women to the corpse. It had been brought over from Brazil, enclosed in three coffins, the inner one of lead, where it was laid, surrounded by aromatic herbs, gums, and essences, without having been regularly embalmed, a process which is only adopted towards males of the royal house. As her majesty had been dead for the last six years, the horrible effluvia that now issued from the

\* By Mrs. Baillie; 2 vols. 1820.

coffin when opened, was such as to overpower all the persons present, notwithstanding that she had died in the "odour of sanctity." One of the princesses fainted twice, and was too ill to re-appear; but her sister was obliged to stand it out, while the ladies raised the body and completely re-clothed it, in a black robe, a dress cap, gloves, shoes and stockings, and adorned it with four splendid orders upon the breast. The body itself was not only entire, but the limbs were flexible; the face only had changed to a dreadful black colour. Thank heaven I am not a Portuguese contriver!"

There is a tene in some of the author's remarks (observable in the foregoing and many other passages), of which we cannot approve. But persons must live long and think deeply before they become truly liberal in their opinions respecting the feelings, prejudices, and conduct of others; before they learn to grant that candour which they claim, and bend down their own standard of egotistical infallibility, to meet mid-way the like standard set up by every individual. We always dislike to hear the religion of a sect or country, the politics of a party, the measures of a government, &c. spoken of in terms of contempt; because we know of no pure and perfect source possessed of a right to assume that all which diverges or differs from it is in error, and either ridiculous or guilty. A truce, however, to reflections.

"The ceremonies (continues Mrs. R.) of Lent and the Holy Week, although much of the same nature as those in all catholic countries, have been carried here to an extreme of impious and absurd farce, which, without seeing, it is difficult to credit. The processions on every Friday have been very numerous. Among the penitents, was a lady who followed a wooden image of our Saviour, without even the resource of a veil or hood, walking barefooted through all the filth of the streets, exposed to the rude stare of the assembled populace. This penance appears doubly severe, when it is recollected that the paving of the streets is of the very worst description, and the city built upon an everlasting succession of steep hills, to say nothing of the peculiar nature of the dirt collected therein. The other day was enacted the hanging of Judas, and the sacrifice of Abraham, in the open streets. The part of Isaac was performed by a half-naked boy, and Abraham held a long knife in his hand, which he pretended to strike into his back every moment for at least a hundred times running; but another boy, dressed in dirty tinselled rags, and soiled feathers, with painted wings upon his shoulders, who was meant to be an angel, walked behind the two, holding a red ribbon, one end of which was tied round the murderous weapon; and as often as Abraham set upon poor Isaac, so often did the angel pull back his arm with a dexterous jerk, by which means all mischief was prevented. The king washed the feet of twelve beggars on Holy Thursday. This office used to be performed by the patriarch, but as that personage is now suppressed, the duty devolves upon his majesty. With the exception of the lady to whom I have just alluded, the exhibition of penitents this year was quite insignificant. A very few years ago, an old Fidalgo of immense consequence, and who had been guilty of all sorts of enormities, wiped off every sin at once, and afforded a pious triumph to the priesthood, by crawling through the city upon his hands and knees, underneath a

cart which conveyed an image of the virgin; when the cart stopped, or he was tired, he reposed himself upon his hanches, sitting always in the attitude of a dog."

"While resident in Portugal, our fair author experienced several earthquake shocks: of one of these, July 10th, 1822, she says,—

"— "I had written thus far yesterday; since when, I have experienced so vivid an alarm, that I can scarcely yet convince myself that no essential harm has occurred. This morning, at ten minutes before seven, we were roused from sleep by—an earthquake! Its duration did not exceed seven seconds, or we are assured that Lisbon might have experienced a repetition of the horrors of the great convulsion of nature in 1755. — The house of a friend here, which was built about two years since, upon the modern plan for resisting earthquakes, rocked in the most frightful manner, and the wax candles remaining in the chandeliers in the drawing-rooms were raised out of their sockets, and thrown violently upon the floor. This is considered to have been the most severe shock that has been known for the last six years, when a similar one was felt, which, strange to say, was less violent, but more dangerous of its kind than the present. The rationale of this opinion is as follows; I give it as it was told to me, though I am myself too ignorant of these phenomena to vouch for its correctness. The present earthquake was of that description which causes houses to rock from side to side, and which, however alarming in appearance, is comparatively harmless. The former was of a sort, which, from shaking the earth in a different manner, induces a trembling rather than a swinging motion, and renders the ground liable to open suddenly in gulphs beneath the feet. Altogether the occurrence is horrible, and the sensations it brings on, both physical and mental, are such, that I sincerely hope we may not again witness another."

"Believing in the story of the candles herein related, evidently at war with every law of motion, we are surprised at Mrs. Baillie's staunch incredulosity touching all the Popish miracles. Some of these matters rather militate against her authority in other cases; and we are sorry that she should have troubled herself so much about the political state of the country.

"July 23, 1822.—Every creature in Lisbon and its environs is hastening to pay due adoration at the shrine of the newly discovered virgin, who is about four inches long, and being found, as I before mentioned, in a cave near this place, is consequently denominated "Nossa Senhora da Barraca," (our lady of the cave.) Here, every evening, a friar descants upon the miracles said to have been performed by her; and a small book, descriptive of them, has been published by authority. The image is already covered with costly ornaments, among which are, a crown set with brilliants, and numerous gold chains; the gifts of those votaries who are able to afford such demonstration of their faith. An aged fidalgo, and somewhat fanciful withal, living in this neighbourhood, and who has been bed-ridden for years past, has caused himself to be carried to the cave, and has in consequence, (as she declares,) recovered the use of her limbs; the circumstance being well authenticated, affords additional proof of the extraordinary power of the imagination in nervous and hypochondriac complaints. The Queen goes in grand state this

evening, and makes an offering of a silver lamp. The field resembles an immense fair, and restaurateurs regularly attend in their booths to provide for the refreshment of the company. Last night, there were no less than thirty carriages upon the ground, and it is common to see more than a thousand of the peasantry and townspeople upon their knees, at one time, surrounding the mouth of the cave. The friars have thought proper to declare, that a balsamic fragrance flows constantly from the image; and though there is always a strong smell of garlic and oil in the grotto, it is the fashion, upon entering, to exclaim, "What a delicious odour!"

With this we conclude. We have noticed both the attractions and the blemishes in these small volumes; which are upon the whole very amusing and also creditable to their author.

## SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*Winter Evening Pastimes, or the Merry-maker's Companion.\** We are sorry that we are too late to recommend this volume for Twelfth Night, to the merriment of which it would prove a most acceptable assistant. But there are many other Winter evenings, on which innocent amusements may be indulged in; and all those who love cheerful plays about the fire-side, will find pleasant games, forfeits, and other recreations, prescribed here in a way which will teach them perfectly, and contribute greatly to innocent enjoyment.

\* Pub. by Meanard, and Sherwood & Co. 13mo. pp. 185.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## ON THE THERMOMETRICAL STATE OF THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

CONSIDERABLE uneasiness having been felt in Western Europe as to the supposed atmospheric changes of late years, some persons even supposing them to be precursors of a grand revolution of the globe, M. Arago, to calm the groundless fears of the public, has discussed the subject at length in the "Almanac of the Board of Longitude of Paris for 1825;" from which (the paper being very able and very interesting) we have made the following extract:

"An inquiry into the modifications of different natures which the Earth has undergone in the course of ages, is one of the most curious questions in natural philosophy. We purpose giving, in another place, an analysis of the works recently published by geometers, on the subject of those modifications which concern the temperature of the globe, considered in a general sense. I shall confine myself in this article to examining, whether the opinion, rather generally admitted, that under all latitudes the climate at the surface of the earth has undergone a deterioration, rests upon any solid foundation.

"The invention of thermometers can scarcely be said to date further back than the year 1590; and we may even add, that before 1700 these instruments were neither exact, nor capable of being compared with each other. It is, therefore, impossible to determine with precision what the temperature of any place on the earth may have been at a very remote period. But if we are satisfied to confine ourselves within certain limits—to confine ourselves, for instance, to the inquiry, whether the winters are in the present day more or less severe than they were formerly, we may supply the want of direct observations, by referring to those passages

in different authors relative to several natural phenomena, such as the congelation of rivers, of lakes, of seas, &c. The few citations of this nature which are here collected, will, in my opinion, serve to prove, even allowing for the exaggeration so natural to ancient historians, that in Europe in general, and in France in particular, the winters were, some centuries ago, at least as severe as in the present day:

1st Century before our *Æra*.—At the mouth of the Palus-Mæotis it had frozen so hard, that, in winter, one of Mithridates' generals defeated the cavalry of the Barbarians, precisely on the spot where they had been defeated in summer in a naval engagement. (Strabo, liv. ii.)

400 Years after J. C.—The Black Sea was entirely frozen. The Rhone was frozen entirely across! (This last phenomenon is the proof of a temperature of at least 18° centigrade below 0.)

462. The army under the command of Theodoric crossed the Danube on the ice. The Var was also frozen across. (It is ascertained that the Var becomes frozen when the temperature is from 10° to 12° centigrade below 0.)

763. The Black Sea and the Strait of the Dardanelles were frozen.

822. Carts heavily laden crossed the Danube, the Elbe, and the Seine on the ice during more than a month. The Rhone, the Po, the Adriatic Sea\*, and several ports of the Mediterranean were frozen (—at least 20° at Venice.)

829. The year that the Patriarch of Antioch, Dionysius of Telmar, went with the Caliph Mamoun into Egypt, they found the Nile frozen. (Abd-Allatif, translated by M. Silvestre de Sacy, page 505.)

860. The Adriatic Sea and the Rhone are frozen (—20°). Calvisius, quoted by Delisle.

1133. The Po was frozen across from Cremona to the sea; the Rhone was crossed upon the ice; wine froze in the cellars (—at least 18°).

1216. The Po and the Rhone were frozen to a great depth (—18° at least.)

1234. The Po and the Rhone were again frozen; loaded carts cross the Adriatic on the ice in front of the city of Venice (—20°).

1236. The Danube remained frozen to its greatest depth for a considerable time.

1292. Loaded carriages crossed the Rhine on the ice in front of Breysach. The Catagat was also frozen entirely across.

1302. The Rhone was frozen across (—18°).

1305. The Rhone and all the small rivers in France were frozen. (Papon, Hist. Provence, 3d vol. p. 102.)

1323. The Rhone was frozen across. Horse and foot travellers went from Denmark to Lubeck and Dantzic on the ice.

1334. All the great rivers of Italy and of Provence were frozen across (—18°).

1358. Ten fathoms depth of snow at Bologna in Italy. (Matthieu Villani, cited by Papon, iii. 200.)

1364. The Rhone was frozen at Arles to a considerable depth; loaded carts crossed the river on the ice, —18° centig. (Villani, quoted by Papon, iii. 210.)

1404. The Danube was frozen across through all its course. The ice extended without interruption from Norway to Denmark. Carriages crossed the Seine on the ice. (Felibien, description of Paris.)

1434. The frost commenced at Paris on the last day of December 1433, and lasted for three months, less nine days; it recommenced about the end of March, and lasted until the 17th of April. This same year snow fell in Holland during forty days in succession. (Van-Swinden.)

1460. The Danube remained frozen during two months. The Rhone was also frozen (—18°).

\* When the Gulf of Venice was frozen in 1709, the thermometer had fallen in the city to —20° centigrade. (Acad. 1749. Hist. 2.)

1468. In Flanders the soldiers' rations of wine were cut with a hatchet. (Philippe de Comines.)

1493. The harbour of Genoa was frozen the 25th and 26th December. (Papon, iv. 14.)

1507. The port of Marseilles was entirely frozen. (This proves a cold of at least —12° centigrade.) On Twelfth-day three feet of snow fell in the same city.

1544. In France they were obliged to cut the wine with sharp-edged instruments. (Mezerai.)

1565. The Rhone was frozen entirely across at Arles (—18° centig.)

1568. On the 11th December loaded carts crossed the Rhone on the ice. It did not break up until the 21st (—at least 18° centigrade.)

1570, 1571. From the end of November 1570 to the end of February 1571, the winter was so severe that all the small rivers, even those of Languedoc and Provence were frozen so hard as to allow loaded carts to pass across them. (Mezerai.)

1594. The sea was frozen at Marseilles and at Venice (—at least 20° centigrade.)

1603. Carts crossed the Rhone on the ice (18° centigrade.)

1621, 1622. The Venetian fleet was hemmed in by the ice in the channels of Venice (—20°).

1638. The galleys in the port of Marseilles were blocked in by the ice, —20° centig. (Papon, iv. 490.)

1655, 1656. The Seine was frozen across from the 8th to the 18th December. It froze afterwards from the 23rd Dec. to the 28th January 1656 without interruption; in a few days after it once more commenced, and lasted till March. (Bouilland.)

1657, 1658. An uninterrupted frost at Paris, from the 24th December 1657 to the 8th Feb. 1658. Between the 24th Dec. and the 20th January, the frost was moderate; but after that the cold became intensely great. The Seine was entirely frozen. The thaw did not last long after the 8th February; the frost recommenced the 11th and lasted until the 18th.

It was in 1658 that Charles x. King of Sweden, crossed the Little Belt on the ice with his entire army, his artillery, his wagons, baggage, &c. &c.

1662, 1663. The frost lasted at Paris from the 5th Dec. 1662 to the 8th March 1663.

1676, 1677. A continued and intense frost from the 2d Dec. to the 13th January. The Seine was frozen across during 35 successive days. (Bouilland.)

1694. The Thames was frozen at London to eleven inches in depth, and was crossed over by loaded carts.

1709. The Gulf of Venice and the Mediterranean, at Genoa, at Marseilles, at Cette, &c. were frozen (—18° centig.)

1716. The Thames was frozen at London; a great number of shops and stalls were established on the river.

1726. Persons crossed in sledges from Copenhagen to Sweden.

1740. The Thames at London was again entirely frozen.

"From 1749 to 1781 the thermometer, in Provence, never fell below 9° centigrade. This period of 33 years having offered no instance of a cold of 15° or 18°, as had been before observed, some persons immediately concluded that the climate was ameliorating; but in 1789 the illusion was destroyed, for on that year the cold at Marseilles was as low as —17° centigrade.

"From 1800 to 1819 the thermometer was at no time below 9° centigrade in the department of the Bouches du Rhône; but in 1820, as in some of the remarkable years mentioned in the above list, the cold was so intense as —17° 5' centigrade. Thus, whether we consider the intensity of the cold, or examine after what intervals the extraordinary colds are renewed, we can find no reason to admit

that within a period of 1400 years the climate of Provence has undergone any notable alteration.

"We shall now consider the climate of the capital, and shall in the first place determine to what degree the thermometer must fall in order to allow the Seine to be entirely frozen:

In 1740 the Seine was frozen; the therm. marked 14° cent.	
1742	10°
1744	9°
1746	9°
1748	16°
1750	12°
1752	12° 9'

"From this table it appears that it requires a cold of —9° centigrade, at least, for the river to be frozen at Paris. Thence, and from the observations of Bouilland, we may conclude that in 1676 the mean temperature of the month of December must have been several degrees below the temperature of ice; in the present day the mean temperature of January is almost constantly positive.

"For the last twenty years the mean temperature of January has not been below 10°. According to the observations given by Felibien, and those of Bouilland, it was several degrees of centigrades below 0 in January, February, and March, 1435; in January and February 1656; in January 1658; and in December, January, and February, 1662.

"Should these observations not appear sufficiently numerous to enable us to draw from them the consequence that the winters at Paris were formerly more severe than in the present day, it must at least be allowed that they prove, contrary to an opinion very generally received, that the climate of Paris has by no means deteriorated."

M. Arago then goes on to show the maxima of cold in the northern regions, deduced from the observations of Captains Parry and Franklin, and the maxima of heat in different parts of the world from various authorities; from all which he draws the following conclusions:

"In no part of the earth, nor in any season, does the thermometer, at an elevation of two or three yards above the ground, and sheltered from all aberration, rise to 37° of Reaumur, or 46° centigrade.

"In the open sea, the temperature of the air, whatever may be the place or the season, never exceeds 24° Reaumur, or 30° centigrade."

"The greatest degree of cold observed on our globe, with a thermometer suspended in the air, is 40° Reaumur, or 50° centigrade below zero.

"The temperature of the sea, in any latitude or any season, never rises above +24° Reaumur, or +30° centigrade.

\* Certain bodies, as snow, woolen, &c. acquire by the effect of radiation, during serene weather, a temperature 10 to 12 degrees below that of the atmosphere. It may therefore be presumed that when Franklin's thermometer, marked —50°, it would have denoted to —60° if the bulb had touched the snow. Perhaps —60° expresses the current degree of temperature that terrestrial bodies can acquire at the surface of the earth.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### AGRICULTURAL REPORT AND KALENDAR FOR JANUARY.

THE weather for the last Month has not improved on that of November, and has exceeded what is usual at this season, in violent storms of wind and rain. Many sheep have suffered by the rot; and young neat stock, in Wales and the Highlands, have not escaped colds and fever, which has carried off numbers. Wheats on light soils look tolerably, but on strong clays the plants scarcely are visible. Turnips are abundant; though



the oat and barley straw usually given with them to growing stock, is of inferior quality. Agricultural produce in general may be expected to rise. Land bears 33 years' purchase and upwards, owing to the low rate of interest afforded by the funds; and rents are looking up.

The operations for January are similar to those of December. Some farmers, in the warmer bean districts of Hertfordshire and Essex, plant them in this month, but few are the soils, we fear, that will be in fit state for this operation unless by dibbling, which we hope to hear is gradually giving way to the drill. The great advantage of drilling beans is, that the plough and horse-hoe can be introduced between the rows; and thus the soil is at least more than half summer-fallowed. Dibbled beans are so close together that they can only be hand hoed; or if a horse-hoe is used, it cannot do more than scratch or pare the surface. The rows of a dibbled crop are from 12 to 18 inches apart, centre from centre; but those of a drilled crop are 27 inches, or three furrows apart, hence the interval may be ploughed with a common plough; say first throwing two furrows together in the centre of the interval, and next clearing or splitting down these, or returning them to the rows. These operations may be done three or four times before the beans come into blossom, so as effectually to free the soil from root weeds; to pulverize it, and to render it more easily permeable by heat, air, and moisture. Let drilling beans then, instead of dibbling them, be considered the agricultural lesson for the month.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 31.—The prize for the Hulsean Dissertation for the year 1824, is adjudged to James Amiraux Jeremie, B.A. Scholar of Trinity College.—Subject, "The Doctrines of our Saviour, as derived from the four Gospels, are in perfect harmony with the Doctrines of St. Paul, as derived from his Epistles."

Friday, Jan. 7.—The following is the subject of the Hulsean Prize Dissertation for the present year:—"In what respects the Law is a Schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ."

There will be Congregations on the following days of the Lent term:

Saturday, Jan. 22 (Bachelors' Com.) at ten; Wednesdays, Feb. 9 and 30, and March 2, at eleven;—Fridays, March 18 (M.A. Inceptors,) and 35 (end of term,) at ten.

#### EGYPTIAN HISTORICAL PAPYRI.

From the Letters of M. Champollion, Jun.

Turin, 30th October 1824.

I RESERVED for this season the examination of the numerous Egyptian papyri which form part of the Royal Museum, whither they were transferred from the collection made by Drovetti. Several of them are very perfect, and remarkable for their size, their whiteness, and their excellent state of preservation. Almost all these are written in hieroglyphics, and ornamented with paintings, and are only extracts, of greater or less extent, taken from the great funeral ritual: they have all been found in mummies, which accounts for their uniformity. One of them is, however, very important on account of its great length. The fine papyrus in the royal cabinet, of which there is such an exact engraving in the great description of Egypt, and which is 22 feet in length, was the most considerable of all papyri hitherto known, and might be looked upon as the complete ritual from which the other hieroglyphical

manuscripts are extracted, at a greater or lesser length, according to the importance of the person for whom they were written. I had, however, remarked, that the paintings of the beautiful cases of mummies which offer scenes and texts so analogous to those of the funeral ritual, also presented some which were not to be found in the great manuscript of the Royal Cabinet. This led me to suppose that there must have existed a still more extensive form of that ritual, and my conjecture has been confirmed by one of the papyri of Turin, which is also the funeral ritual: it may be considered as complete. I have discovered in it some very curious painted scenes, together with the means of classing exactly in their order, the different extracts of that ritual, presented by the funeral papyri before discovered: the writing is as carefully executed as possible, and each great division bears a particular title.

As for the papyri in demotic writing, there are only very few of them. I have, however, discovered some contracts of the time of the Ptolemys; and another, which, I think, belongs to the reign of Darius; and also a papyrus of great length, which contains a series of acquittances for rent, or for an annual pension. These receipts are dated from the year 31 to the year 38 of the reign of Psammitichus I. We thus come as far as the time of the Pharaohs, by means of these papyri, and my long patience has at length been recompensed by this agreeable discovery.

I had at first applied all my attention to the finest manuscripts, and those that were in the best state of preservation, and had thrown aside, as rubbish, about 20 parcels of papyrus which were entirely worn away by age; and from their simple appearance did not seem to me to possess any interest. At length, being fatigued by the perpetual repetition of the text of the funeral ritual presented to me by the fine manuscripts I was examining, I chanced to take up one of the neglected packets, which I found to be written in hieratic manuscript, and the first line presented to me the name and proper name of the great Sesostris; these names were repeated eight or ten times in the manuscript. My attention being roused by this remark, I spent four hours in uniting the fifty pieces that composed this manuscript, and became convinced that it contains either a historical document or a public act of the reign of Sesostris. All the other packets have an analogous signification. I have merely looked over them for the purpose of ascertaining the names of the kings who are made mention of in them. All these manuscripts are in hieratic writing, written on both sides, folded like the leaves of our books, and not rolled up as usual. Some of them are from five to six feet in length, and are all filled with the names of kings, always preceded by dates taken from their reign. The Pharaohs, whose names, and the epoch of whose reigns are mentioned in these papyri, are, Amenophis II., who also recalls a fact which occurred in the reign of Miphres, or Moeris, his third predecessor; Armais, the sixth successor of Amenophis II. and Ramsés-Méiamoun, the second successor of Armais. There are four pieces relative to this king, and all the above kings belong to the XVIIIth dynasty of Manéthon. Five or six other pieces belong to the reign of Ramsés the Great, or Sesostris, head of the XIXth dynasty; two to the reign of Ramsés,

his son and successor; and finally, one of the most perfect of these manuscripts makes mention of almost all the princes of the XIXth dynasty, Sesostris, Ramsés his son, Ammenephthes, Ammenemes, and Thoudris. One of these diplomas gives all the titles, names, proper names, and qualities of the royal protocol of Sesostris, and the greater part of them are very elegantly written. This is an important discovery for history, the more so as it relates to an epoch respecting which there remain so few documents that can be relied on. With perseverance, and an encouragement to those indefatigable travellers who busy themselves in exploring the ruins of Egypt, it is not improbable but we may yet have a collection of charts and diplomas of the history of Egypt. It will then be no longer asserted that the Egyptian manuscripts contain nothing but prayers, and that it is of no advantage either to history or to literature, to form collections of them.

Turin, 6th November 1824.

The eight days that have elapsed since my last letter, have been exclusively devoted to the examination of the remains of the Ancient History of Egypt. What I have saved from total destruction serves to make me regret the loss, perhaps irreparable, of so many important documents, which might have been preserved by the least care on the part of those who had drawn them from amidst the ruins in which they were found. After a first and summary examination of the historical papyri mentioned in my former letter, I learned by chance that other fragments existed among the rubbish of the collection, where they were thrown aside as being in too bad a state to merit a better situation. I however determined upon inspecting them, and they were accordingly drawn from their old chests, and submitted to my examination. On entering a chamber, which I shall henceforth call the *Columbarium* of History, I was struck with grief at the sight of a table, ten feet in length, entirely covered with fragments of papyri, to at least half a foot in thickness. I at first supposed that they were only the remains of some hundred funeral rituals; but, what was my delight when I saw on the very first piece I took up, a fragment of an act dated the year XXIV of the reign of Pharaoh Amenophis-Memnon! I from that moment made the resolution of examining, piece by piece, the entire contents of this heap of ruins. My chalking pencil became the principal instrument of my labours, and I in this manner endeavoured to ascertain the interest of this million of documents, the disjointed remains of books that had been written more than thirty centuries back.

It would be difficult to describe the sensations I have experienced in thus dissecting the remains of this great skeleton of Egyptian history. I found myself carried back to times almost entirely unknown in the history of ages; I found myself in the midst of gods whose altars have been destroyed upwards of fifteen centuries; and I have preserved one piece of papyrus, which is the last and the only refuge of the memory of a king, who, perhaps, in his lifetime thought himself narrowly lodged in the immense palace of Carnac at Thebes. I have collected the fragments of an immense number of acts, and other papers, belonging to the reigns of the Pharaohs Amenophis, Ramsés-Phoron, and Ramsés the Great, or Sesostris, of the XIXth dynasty; and of Ramsés-Méiamoun, of Akencherres-Ousirei, Akencherres-Mandouei,

and Amenophis II. of the XVIIIth dynasty. These fragments abound in dates; one act commences in these terms: *In the fifth year and the fifth day of the month of . . . . . of the government of the King of the obedient people, the Sun of the World* [a cartouch with the proper name] *God son of the Sun Thoutmés* [a cartouch with the surname.] The king here meant is Thoutmosis II. of the XVIIIth dynasty, the Maris so celebrated in history. This act is probably the most ancient now existing in the world. I also have some acts of the years 4 and 24 of Amenophis; 6, 10 and 24 of Ramsés-Méiamoun; 4 of Sesostris, &c. All these manuscripts, without exception, are in hieratic writing, and the greater part of them are true models of calligraphy and elegance of execution. Not one of the names of these kings is posterior to the sixteenth dynasty, and the great bulk of this collection of papyri, thus collected together, proves to me that the person who discovered them in Egypt, has fallen in with the archives of a temple, or of some other public dépôt.

But one papyrus in particular is superior in interest to all the rest, and the loss of the part that is deficient is ever to be regretted; it was in itself a treasure for history. I have traced on it a true *Chronological Table*, or *Royal Canon*, the form of which resembles that of Manéthon, and the fragments that I have collected have given me a list of upwards of a hundred kings. This is a most valuable supplement to the celebrated *Genealogical Table* of Abydos, and should serve as a powerful incitement to use redoubled zeal in the search of Egyptian papyri, which would form a subject of much hope, if that search be supported by the government and encouraged by the public suffrage, of the friends of science.

Behold a brilliant supplement to my occupations of this winter; I am employed from morning to night in tracing, sketching, copying, &c. I have mentioned the general results of my labours, the details would make a large volume, and I have not yet examined all.

#### FINE ARTS.

DRAMATIC COSTUME. NO. III.—*As you like it.*\*

WHEN we see the accuracy of "Measure for Measure" in the costume of characters on the stage, there can be no doubt but that we like it exceedingly. Indeed the public is much indebted to Mr. Planché for the reform he has introduced in this respect. It has added greatly not only to the antiquarian correctness of the drama, but to its picturesque effect, variety, and splendour. The dresses in "As you like it" are assumed to be (for there are no means to fix an era for this play) about the time of Charles VIII. of France, and the close of the fifteenth century is happily adapted to scenic effect.

The Engravings in this Number are superior to those in the two preceding Numbers; and as it is necessary that the public should have a taste for what is exhibited at the theatre in order to enjoy it, we strongly recommend play-goers to make themselves acquainted with these "Costumes," and the interesting little notices of their origin, as given by Mr. Planché. Thus informed and cultivated, they will feel the more pleased with the improvements set before them at Covent Garden.

\* London, Miller, Rodwell & Martin; E. Blackwood.

WILLIAMS'S SELECT VIEWS IN GREECE.\*—No. 3.

Well entitled is Mr. Williams to call these *Views Select*; for they are so in every fine and high sense of the word. The choice of subjects, the exquisite beauty of the execution, and above all the poetical feeling displayed, render them truly fascinating. In this part we have Caritena, the ancient Brenthe, on the Alpheus in Arcadia, where the Gods and Giants waged war. It is a charming mixture of the grand and peaceful. The Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius (Ægina) is the next, and a sweet landscape, made classical by the columns of that magnificent ruin. The third is Parnassus; an admirable piece, over which the eye travels from distance to distance, till it rests on the brightened top of that "*Mons Phœbo Bromieus sacer*." Art seems to be carried here as far as it can go in the branch and of the extent to which these engravings are limited. The Plain of Platea is another delightful subject; and the Number is completed with suitable excellence, by Views of the Valley of the Pliestus from Delphi, and of the Temple of Minerva Sunias, Cape Colonna.

We observe with pleasure that the translated quotations to which we objected in the first Number of this most interesting work have yielded to simple and appropriate extracts from ancient and modern writers. The engravings are by W. Miller, J. Hershburgh, and J. Stewart. We do not make an invidious comparison when we mention that we are particularly pleased with those of the first named artist. There is a freedom about his skies (probably from his not employing mechanical means) which has gratified us extremely; and added to the spirit-stirring effect which these natural, but eminently imaginative pictures produce.

\* Imperial Bro. Hurst & Co. Lond.; Constable, Edin.

A Ship on her Beam Ends in the Bay of Biscay.

From a sketch made on the spot by Mr. Samuel Daniell. Engraved and published by W. Daniell, R.A.

MR. DANIELL'S Engraving of 'An Indianman in a North-Wester,' and 'A Man Overboard, off the Cape,' have made every lover of the Fine Arts acquainted with his tremendous powers and appalling fidelity in subjects of this description. His new work, representing the stormy Bay of Biscay, with a vessel in wreck, is perhaps even more striking than the preceding. We are not sure that the popularity of the sea song on this subject may not add to the interest we feel in viewing the dismal scene. The yeasty waters, in all their broken forms, are contrasted by the deep dark horizontal line of the back-ground; and in the centre, like a ghostly light, is the unfortunate ship and her perishing crew. But, indeed, it must be seen before an idea can be perfected of what the mind and the hand of the artist have accomplished.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

HIGHLAND WAR SONG.†

Air—*The Campbells are coming.*

Brave sons of the mountain, to battle away!  
Behold where they wait us in haughty array!  
Though our number be small,  
We can conquer or fall,  
Like true Highlanders all—  
Then away, away!

† The production, we are assured, of a young Highlander of 16.—Ed.

Tho' the path may be gory, we'll on, we'll on;  
Since it leadeth to glory, we'll on, we'll on:  
Bright though sabres be gleaming,  
And death-shots be beaming,  
And the red blood be streaming,  
We'll on, we'll on!

Say, where is the coward who trembles or swerves?  
Let him turn, and await the base death he deserves:  
As for us, or to live or die,  
Ours be the battle-cry,  
Vengeance and Liberty—  
On, then on!

By the souls of our fathers, who sleep in their cairns;  
By their blood which is in us, our wives and our bairns;  
By all that can cheer us,  
The proud foe shall fear us,  
As the offspring of heroes—  
We'll on! then on!

Then forth with your sword, and away with your sheath;  
Prepare for the harvest of conquest or death!  
Loud bid your pibrochs roar,  
Flourish each bright claymore,  
Shout for Mac Callum More—  
On! on! on!

J. C. S.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

Genuine Letter addressed to M. Garcin de Tassy, Assistant-Secretary and Librarian to the Asiatic Society of Paris, by Mohamed Ismail Khan, of Chiraz, on the occasion of his Admission among the Members of that Society.

[Translation from the Persian.]

Address.

This Letter is destined to be laid before the eyes of the honourable Assistant-Secretary of the Asiatic Society, the conservator of the Oriental Library, M. Garcin de Tassy: may his dignities increase!

Letter.

BEING strongly desirous to enjoy the advantages of your amiable and valuable company, and feeling persuaded that a sheet of paper, which by its smooth surface, its slender lines, and the various points traced upon it, gives so just an idea of the countenance of the lovely Ozra, so charmingly embellished by her black eyebrows and dark freckles; convinced, I repeat, that this leaf may admirably serve to promote the relations of friendship, and that the ornaments traced upon the page, like those that decorate the forehead of the youthful bride, are strongly calculated to keep up an affectionate intercourse; I write these words in order to announce to your benevolent mind, and to make known to your good and enlightened heart, that, having had the advantage and the honour of seeing arrive at the most fortunate time and at a most propitious hour, the message marked with the signs of your friendship, the drops of the cloud of favours of the elevated being who inhabits the garden of hope, have so refreshed and watered your sincere friend, that, in the middle of autumn, the new formed bud of a delighted smile has opened into full blow on the rose-tree of his thoughts. As, through an excess of kindness for me you have admitted me, though unworthy of so great an honour, into the number of the members of the society of the learned, I experience a profound gratitude at the same time that I am overwhelmed with extreme confusion. The first of these sentiments has been excited by your goodness towards me, the second by the conviction of my own want of merit. This is the reason that instead of ordinary expressions

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of gratitude, I feel it necessary to assure you of it in particular terms. . . . May your honourable Society be ever flourishing, and may its lofty shade last for ever! . . . Yes, I trust! so long as the radiant monarch of nature continues to rise in the east, and to gild your horizon, your literary assembly being always enlightened by the luminous rays of information and knowledge, those who shall enjoy the advantage of being seated at this banquet of true instruction, will for ever shine at the very summit of the orb of science.

In the middle of the last third of the month of Rebi 1240 of the Hegira (24th November 1824,) Mohamed Ismail, son of the late Hadji Khali Khan, has written these lines, at Paris, the capital of France, thus uselessly occupying your fortunate and valuable moments.—*Extracted from the Asiatic Journal of December 1824.*

## SIGHTS OF LONDON.

## ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH.

We are glad to observe that a subscription has been opened, with a moral certainty of being raised to the full amount wanted, for preserving to the city of London the admirable view of St. Bride's steeple, which was opened by the late fire in Fleet-street. When we call to mind that this object, 240 feet in height, is the finest specimen in the world of the style to which it belongs, the Roman, we consider it to do the greater honour to the citizens of London and other subscribers, that they have stood forward on the occasion. It may indeed be hailed as the auspicious dawning of a feeling, which will tend hereafter to the general improvement and embellishment of the metropolis: nor do we think it less fortunate, that, in the first instance, the execution of the architectural design has been committed to a professional gentleman of so much taste and judgment as Mr. Papworth. It could not be in better hands; and we anticipate both skillful arrangement and congenial beauty in the new adjacent erections, from his exertions.

*Model of Switzerland.* This superb Model is, as far as we know, the largest imitation of a country, by a work of art, that ever was constructed. The great globes in the King's Library at Paris sink into insignificance when compared with it; and, indeed, for diversity of scene, minuteness, and accuracy, we can hardly hope to see it surpassed. It is remarkable how much it gains upon the mind by being examined in detail. One look is nothing. The visitor, to enjoy it, must travel round and round; become acquainted with this valley, that mountain, and yonder lake. The snowy peak, the yellow vineyard, the blue water, the light green earth, and the darker green forest, must be made familiar: the places most famed must be considered separately. Then we advise the spectator to ascend to the gallery above (the Exhibition is in the great Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly,) and contemplate the region below. We have often heard of a bird's-eye view, but we never knew what it was till we took a glance of Switzerland in this manner. We could write almost as good a soliloquy upon it as one Shakespeare did upon the cliffs of Dover.

## DRAMA.

## DRURY LANE.

In the present miserable scarcity of good dramatic writers, what can be more refresh-

ing, or indeed what can be more advantageous, than now and then to recur to the age of Elizabeth and James?—a period unrivalled in this species of literature; and from the rich mine which we still discover unexhausted, select some portion of the precious ore so lavishly and bountifully displayed, divest it of the coarse alloy in which we may find it bedded, and present it to an audience new modelled according to the manners of the day, and properly fashioned for their inspection and delight. *The Fatal Dowry*, by Massinger and Field, which has been newly adapted for representation, and was performed on Wednesday, has always excited the attention of the critics, not only on account of its intrinsic merits, but because another poet, about a century ago, thought proper to steal the whole of its plot, characters, and incidents,—work them up into a drama of his own, and, without the slightest acknowledgment, offer it to the public as an original production, and the offspring of his own genius. At the opening of Massinger's Play, we find young Charalois, attended by his friend Romont, praying the Council of Dijon for the release of his dead father's body, which had been seized for debt; or if no other ransom would be accepted, offering his own person to be incarcerated in its stead. This offer, backed by an intemperate address from Romont, for which he is committed by the Court, is after some discussion accepted, and the funeral obsequies due to the valour and the virtues of the deceased Marshal suffered to be paid. After this solemnity, Old Rochfort, touched with the filial piety of one of the friends, and the undaunted boldness of the other, procures the release of both; and as a farther act of kindness, offers Charalois not only a liberal supply of money, but his daughter Beaumont in marriage, both of which presents are gratefully and joyfully accepted. At this period of the action the young Novall is introduced, a frivolous sort of coxcomb, who has all along been a suitor to the lady, and who determines still, notwithstanding what has taken place, to gain possession of her person. Shortly after this, Romont discovers his friend's wife and her lover indulging in familiarities which he thinks improper; and after admonishing the lady, and informing her father of what he has seen, proceeds to disclose his suspicions to Charalois. This scene, which is perhaps the finest in the Play, and decidedly superior to that between Horatio and Altamont in *The Fair Penitent*, brings about a quarrel between the friends, and they part in mutual disappointment and disgust. Romont, finding himself thus unsuccessful, immediately proceeds to Novall's house, and there compels him to sign a declaration that he will pursue his unlawful love no farther. This solemn promise, however, is eventually disregarded by the youth; the consequence of which is, that the unsuspecting husband finds the guilty lovers together, sacrifices the libertine to his injured honour upon the spot, and conveys his offending wife and the dead body to old Rochfort's house. Here a distressing scene ensues. The old man is blindfolded, and desired to sit in judgment on his daughter. He does so; and after hearing her confession of the crime imputed to her, passes upon her the sentence of death, which is immediately carried into execution by Charalois himself. These occurrences, which complete the fourth act, lead to the impeachment of Charalois, for the murder of Novall; but he pleads his cause so successfully that he receives the pardon of

the court; upon which Pontallier, the friend of young Novall, steps forward and plunges a dagger into his breast, whilst Romont, in his turn, does the like to Pontallier, and the play concludes with the banishment of Romont, and the condemnation of the companions and servants of Beaumont. From this sketch such of our readers as are unacquainted with the tragedy, will readily perceive that some few alterations were absolutely necessary, and these we are happy to say have, generally speaking, been made with judgment and good taste. In lieu of the original mode of bringing about the catastrophe, Charalois now finds a letter from Novall to his wife, which induces him to wait for them at the place of assignation, by which we avoid a great deal of gross dialogue, and Novall is destroyed behind the scenes. We are likewise spared the horrid sight of the husband sacrificing his wife; this alteration, however, deprives us of Beaumont's scene of confession and remorse, which is not only finely written, but serves to remove something of the unmingled disgust we otherwise feel at her unprincipled and abandoned conduct. In the catastrophe itself also, there is a great change. In the last act, the characters are now all assembled at the dead Marshal's tomb. Here the corpse of Beaumont is discovered still reeking with its wounds; here the aged Rochfort, supposing her alive, passes sentence upon her as a judge, laments her fate as a father, and falls dead at the feet of her lifeless body; and here too, Charalois, overwhelmed with accumulated misery and misfortune, dies by his own hand. In the acting of this tragedy there is much to praise. Macready, unlike one or two of our tragedians, neither stands still in his profession nor does he go backward. On the contrary he is gradually advancing towards perfection in his art, and we are much mistaken if his present effort do not add considerably, as it ought deservedly, to his historic reputation. Romont is one of those characters which are peculiarly adapted to his style of acting, illustrative even of what many conceive to be his faults, but, at the same time, presenting difficulties which probably no actor but himself could have so ably and so successfully surmounted—high-spirited, generous, faithful, and affectionate, but at the same time with a temper warm, even to irritation. It will be easily seen that these qualities must have found in this gentleman a very adequate representative, and that the character, as drawn by the poet, could by no combination of talent have been more completely or more satisfactorily sustained. Wallack's Charalois was highly respectable. He did his utmost to succeed, and failed only partially for want of sufficient pathos. The same remark may be applied in a more extended sense to Mr. Terry's Rochfort. He tried all he could to soften his iron tongue, and throw into his acting a little gentle pity and compassion. All, however, would not do; and we are compelled to say that he was far from giving us a proper idea of the benevolent and generous judge. In testy humour or stern severity, this actor is quite at home; but when we see him in any other department of the drama, we pity the misapplication of his talent, or wish with Lord Ogleby, that he could "melt a little more of his flint." The female characters are but of trifling importance. Beaumont in the hands of Mrs. West offends us as little as it could were it in the keeping of a better actress; and Mrs. Orger and Miss Smithson, to whom



the two waiting women were assigned, must be satisfied with the same negative share of approbation. The whole of the play was attentively heard and favourably received, and announced for repetition with the greatest applause.

### POLITICS.

The account of the last quarter's revenue has been published; and we rejoice to see, that after remitting taxes to the amount of 1½ millions, there is still a surplus, of 1824 over 1823, of above a million sterling!—In France the Chambers are occupied with the important question for reimbursing the Emigrants, and also with new-modelling the Civil List.

### VARIETIES.

**Dudley Encrinurus.**—A very rare and magnificent variety of the stone lily, or Lily Encrinurus, as depicted in Parkinson's Organic Remains, has recently been discovered in the lime formation, at Dudley, which far surpasses any other fossil of this kind hitherto known, and is now in the collection of Mr. Payton of that place. The stone on which this beautiful fossil is embedded, measures 38 inches in length, 18 inches in breadth, and averages about 1 inch in thickness. The vertebral column, 23 inches long, is composed of upwards of 200 rings, about ¼ of an inch in diameter, regularly united, and gradually diminishing as they approach towards the pelvis, the surface of which being removed, has left the plates composing the interior of it quite perfect. From the upper part of the pelvis rise the tentacula or claspers of the animal, 16 of which may be traced, each one composed of innumerable circular rings, with flat joints, and from these a still finer and more feathery appendage is seen, which, from its elegant plume-like form, has caused it to be distinguished by the name of the "Plumose Encrinurus." The pelvis and tentacula together, measure 8 inches in length; making a total, from the base to the crown, of 31 inches. Other stems are visible on the same stone, the whole surface of which, not occupied by the fossils, exhibits a very interesting variety of stellated and striated madrepores, numerous corallines, parts of the cap encrinurus, and many elegantly formed shells.

### FACTILE.

**FRENCH PROJECTS.**—The following Prospectus was submitted to an English Gentleman residing in Paris, with the author's hope that he would be both a contributor and a subscriber:—"Tomorrow in the fifteen days will be published, one brand new work of the literature and the Science, the Spectacle and the mode, to be call the miroir of the day. Compile by a Series of literary Gentlemen of France and the Grand Britain, famous for their Savoir and their talents."—From the Prospectus we learn, that half the work is to be in English, and half in French; that it is to appear three times a week; and that learned professors are to superintend the articles in each language. Terms: 12 francs for three months; 24 for six months; and 48 francs a year, to be paid in advance—the money to be returned in three months if the work does not appear. We need hardly say that the English gentleman declined either contributing or subscribing.

### Epigram.

"Who takes a wife, hath a pillar of rest:"  
So sung the Son of Sirac in his day.  
A modern Socrates would say, 't was best  
To let your leaning be another way. T. B.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

**Periodical Novelties.**—The new year is the period for new literary projects, and improvements in old: a notice of some of these comes within this branch of our Journal.

The principal novelty in this way is "The Quarterly Theological Review and Ecclesiastical Record,"—a work on the plan of, and similar in size and appearance to the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews. The first Number contains forty-seven articles, which are written with great ability and moderation; maintaining the doctrines of the Established Church, to which this Review promises to be a very efficient ally. Talent, temperance, and firmness, may fairly be said to be the leading characteristics of its pages.

We have looked over No. I. of "The British Magazine,"—a publication something between the light and fashionable Monthly and those of a more literary character. It has an ill-engraved frontispiece; but, two damsels, in coloured fashionable dresses, to recommend it to the ladies. Of its prose and verse merits we would not speak from so hasty a perusal of the first, and consequently most difficult and hurried specimen.

"The London Magazine" has assumed a new face, resembling the first division of the New Monthly, and abandoning the common Magazine and Register intelligence. It has thus become more like the *Attila Miscellany*, (No. II. of which is postponed to the 15th,) or the *Album*, (which has re-appeared in fresh vigour, apparently in consequence of Knight's Quarterly having been given up,) than the class in which it formerly ranked. It remains to be seen whether the change is or is not judicious.

"La Belle Assemblée" has begun a new series; and the first Number is with a portrait of Lady E. Belgrave, from Sir T. Lawrence's beautiful picture.

"The Imperial Magazine" we had not seen before, but observe that it is a cheap work (1s.) and nearly two years of age. It has engraved portraits; is of a grave cast, and treats of serious and scientific subjects.

In the "New Monthly Magazine" Mr. Campbell has recommended his interesting Lectures on Poetry: they are full of learning and talent. The first Number for the year appears to us to be very good; and there is a special beginning of Irish Portraits, short and cleverly drawn.

But neither effort nor merit are now confined to the London press. We have before us "The Provincial Magazine," No. I., published at Leeds; and a favourable promise of what may be done in combining general intelligence with what is peculiar to a great manufacturing district. Here, for instance, we have a fair account of the Philosophical Society's (of Manchester) Transactions, a Register of the Midland Counties, and other locally useful features in addition to the miscellanies common to all.

Similar praise is due to M'Phail's Glasgow Magazine, (a la Monthly,) of which No. II. has been offered to our inspection. It particularly tells on topics interesting to Scotland. From this we learn that a meeting had been held at Paisley for entering into a subscription for a Monument to Tannahill the poet, and a native of that place.

By associating with Scotland we are led to notice an excellent account of the late fire in Edinburgh, which is given in the last Blackwood. It unites the merit of minute detail with poetical description.

Can we add to this list No. I. of "Oxberry's Dramatic Biography," which is really as honest a three-pennyworth as we have seen in that way; with a head and life of Keat, rather better than the original of either, and some tolerable anecdotes, though not all correct. Lord Holland, for instance, did not revive the works of Hanbury Williams.

"A Dictionary of Architecture," No. I., by Robert Stuart, is a very useful compilation, by the author of the clever descriptive History of the Steam-Engine. It promises to be comprised in about 75 Numbers, and published in 18 months. The numerous wood-cuts adapt it well for the class of purchasers for whom it is chiefly intended.

M. Sieber's Discovery relative to the Cure of Hydrophobia, which has been so often mentioned in the public papers, is announced to appear on the 1st of May, in a Supplement to one of the most esteemed German Journals.

### LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe, from the Peace of Utrecht, 4to. 50s.—Hayward on the Science of Agriculture, 8vo. 7s.—Sequel to Endless Amusement, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Analysis of the London Bull-Run, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Otter's Life of Clarke, new edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.—Stonett's Memoirs of Will. Ward, 12mo. 6s.—Solid Resources for Old Age, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Thornton's Piety Exemplified, 12mo. 8s. 6d.—Sheppard's Precedents of Precedents, 8vo. 16s.

### METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

WINDS.	WINDS.												PLUVI-AMETER.	BAROMETER.	THERMOMETER.	MONTH.
	N.	N. E.	E.	S. E.	S.	S. W.	W.	N. W.	N.	N. E.	E.	S. E.				
Mean.	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	Mean.	30.937	30.937	30.937
Lowest.	28.77	28.77	28.77	28.77	28.77	28.77	28.77	28.77	28.77	28.77	28.77	28.77	Lowest.	28.77	28.77	28.77
Highest.	30.49	30.49	30.49	30.49	30.49	30.49	30.49	30.49	30.49	30.49	30.49	30.49	Highest.	30.49	30.49	30.49
Mean.	37.79	37.79	37.79	37.79	37.79	37.79	37.79	37.79	37.79	37.79	37.79	37.79	Mean.	37.79	37.79	37.79
Lowest.	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	Lowest.	21	21	21
Highest.	54	54	54	54	54	54	54	54	54	54	54	54	Highest.	54	54	54
January	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	Mean.	30.937	30.937	30.937
February	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	Lowest.	28.77	28.77	28.77
March	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	Highest.	30.49	30.49	30.49
April	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	Mean.	37.79	37.79	37.79
May	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	Lowest.	21	21	21
June	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	Highest.	54	54	54
July	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	Mean.	37.79	37.79	37.79
August	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	Lowest.	21	21	21
September	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	Highest.	54	54	54
October	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	Mean.	37.79	37.79	37.79
November	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	Lowest.	21	21	21
December	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	Highest.	54	54	54
Year	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	30.937	Mean.	37.79	37.79	37.79

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE PAST YEAR, 1824.

[We shall bring up the arrears of our Meteorological Account next week.]

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* \* We earnestly request the Subscribers to the *Literary Gazette* who have imperfect sets which they wish to complete, to lose no time in securing the Numbers of which they are in want. The work, either as a whole or in volumes, produces a higher price than the original cost; and it is a pity to lose that value through the absence of, perhaps, half a dozen Numbers, which may now be obtained, but which, from an examination of our stock, we are sorry to state we cannot hold out a hope of being able to supply hereafter.

To J. & J. we hardly know what answer to give. We are charmed with much of his poem, and yet think that its true genius is marred by some carelessness, or, perhaps, inexperience. In short, we think it poetry, but not correct composition throughout: were it shorter, we would print it with all its beauties and faults; as it is, we pause.

We regret that the verses "to Arrahbanes" do not appear to us to merit preservation.

M. N's Sonnet and penny are alike bad. We also suspect *Phalaris* (in spite of his fine name) to be Brummagem.

"Well Done" is a good signature; but we will observe the proverb, and "let it alone."  
Packet left for A. E.—Alexander is burnt, and cannot be sent.

¶ We are compelled to-day by the presence, as we hope, of some very interesting original papers, (such as Arago on Temperature, Champollion on the Papyrus, &c.) to abridge some of our miscellaneous heads.

Erratum in the lines entitled "Platen," in our No. 414: 2d stanza, for mossless read moveless.





